

*A*  
**PARAPHRASE**

**VPON  
THE PSALMES  
OF DAVID.**

*And*

**VPON THE HYMNES**

*Dispersed throughout*  
**THE OLD AND NEW  
TESTAMENTS.**

*By*  
**By G. Sandys.**

**LONDON**

**At the Bell in St. Pauls  
Church-yard.**

**C13. 10C. XXVI.**

*123758*  
**cum Privilegio Regie Majestatis.**



P A R A P H R A S E

V P O N

T H E P S A L M

O F D A V I D

V T O R N E R



C H A P T E R

T H E P S A L M

O F D A V I D

L O N D O N

W H I T E H A L L

C H A P T E R

C I T I Z E N S

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## To the KING.

O Vr graver Muse from her long Dreame awakes;  
Peneian Groves, and Cirrha's Caves forsakes :  
Inspir'd with zeale, she climes th' Æthereall Hills  
Of Solyma, where bleeding Balm distills;  
Where Trees of Life unfading Youth assure,  
And Living Waters all Diseases cure :  
Where the Sweet Singer, in coelestiall Laies,  
Sung to his solcman Harp Iehovah's Praise.  
From that false Temple, on her wings, she beares  
Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred cares :  
Not that her bare and humble feet aspire  
To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire;  
But that at once she might Oblations bring  
To God ; and Tribute to a god-like King.  
And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,  
Deep Sense; and high Expressions could comprise;  
Her laboring Wings a larger compassie flie,  
And Poesie resolves with Poesie:  
Lest she, who in the Orient clearly rose,  
Should in your Western World obscurely close.



## To the QUEEN.

O You, who like a fruitful Vine,  
To this our Royall Cedar joine:  
Since it were impious to divide,  
In such a Present, Hearts so ry'd;  
Vrania your chaste eares invites  
To theſe her more ſublime Delights.  
Then, with your zealous Lover, daigne  
To enter Davids numerous Fane.  
Pure thoughts his Sacrifices are;  
Sabzean Incenſe, fervent Praire;  
This holy Fire fell from the Skies;  
The holy Water from his eyes.  
O ſhould You with your Voice infuſe  
Perfection, and create a Muſe!  
Though meane our Verſe, ſuch Excellence  
At once would raviſh Soule and Senſe:  
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;  
And, ſince they cannot envie, Love:  
When they from this our Earthly Sphere  
Their owne Cœleſtiall Muſick heare.

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To the Reader

Since it is now some time that I have been  
in the service of the public, I have been  
very much engaged in the study of  
the history of the human mind, and  
the progress of the sciences, and  
the state of the world, and  
the condition of the human race,  
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and the state of the world,  
and the condition of the human race,



To my Noble Friend, Mr. George Sandys  
upon his excellent Paraphrase  
on the Psalmes.

**H**Ad I no Blushes left, but were of Those,  
Who Praise in Verse, what they Despise in Prose:  
Had I this Vice from Vanity or Touth;  
Yet such a Subject would have taught me Truth;  
Hence it were Bannisht, where of Flattery  
There is nor Use, nor Possibility.  
Else thou badst cause to feare, lest some might Raise  
An Argument against thee from my Praise.  
I therefore know, Thou canst expect from me  
But what I give, Historicke Poetry.  
Friendship for more could not a Pardon win;  
Nor thinke I Numbers make a Lie no Sinne.  
And need I say more then my Thoughts indite,  
Nothing were easier, then not to write.  
Which now were hard; for wheresoever I Raise  
My thoughts, thy severall Paines extort my Praise.  
First, that which doth the Pyramids display:  
And in a worke much lastinge then they,  
And more a wonder, scornes at large to shew,

His  
Travels  
wherein  
he relates  
the Hi-  
story of  
the Pyra-  
mides.

who



What' e'res Indifferent whether True or No:  
Or from its bſty Flight, ſcape to declare  
What All men might have known; had All bin There.  
But by thy learned Induſtry and Art,  
To Thoſe, who never from their Studies part,  
Doth each Lands Laws, Beliefe, Beginning ſhew;  
Which of the Natives but the Curious know;  
Teaching the frailty of all Humane things;  
How ſoone great Kingdoms fall, much ſooner Kings;  
Prepares our Soiles, that Chance cannot direct  
A Machin at vs, more then we expect.  
We know, That Towne is but with Fiſhers Frangbe,  
where Theſeus Govern'd, and where Plato Taught:  
That Spring of Knowledge, to which Italy  
Owes all her Arts, and her Civility,  
In Vice and Barbariſme ſupinely Romles;  
Their Fortunes not more ſlaviſh then their Soules.  
Thoſe Churches, which againſt the fiſt Hereticks were  
All the fiſt Fields, or ſed (at leaſt) the Van;  
In whom thoſe Notes, ſo much required, be  
Agreement, diſcreet, Antiquity;  
which can a Never-broke Sacreſſion ſhow

Adm

Great

Eastern  
Church

From

From the Apostles down, (Hath brought off) :  
So best confute her most idle claims,  
Who scarce a Page, yet to be All dark aims,  
Lie not illrest, between two Rival Powers,  
Whom the West dantes, and follow the East discovers,  
What State then theirs can more P'happy be,  
Threatned with Hell, and safe of P'wary,  
The small Beginning of the Turkish Kings,  
And their large Growth, shew us that different Things  
May meet in One Third; what most Disagree,  
May have some Likeness: For in this we see,  
A Mustard-seed may be resembled well  
To the Two Kingdoms, both of Heaven and Hell.

Turkes. Their Strength, & Wants this work both both around;  
To teach how these 3' increase, and that confound:  
Relates their Tents, stirring to dispute  
With Errors, which to tell, is to confute  
Shews how even there, where Christ coucht to Teach,  
Wicks. Their Deviants have an Impious Preach.  
For whilst with private Quarrels we Decide,  
We way for them, and Their Religion made:  
And now but wish we can to Heaven preferre,

May They gaine Christ, or We his Sepulchre.  
 Next Ovid calls me, which though I admire,  
 For Equalling the Authors quickning Fire,  
 And his pure Phrase: yet More; remembring It  
 Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ:  
 Busines and War, ill Midwives to produce  
 The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse:  
 whilst every unknown Face did Danger Threat;  
 For every Native there was twice a Gete.  
 More; when (return'd) thy Worke review'd, expos'd  
 What Pith before the hiding Barke inclos'd:  
 And with it that Essay, which lets us see  
 well by the Foot, what Hercules would be.  
 All fitly Offer'd to his Princely Hands;  
 By whose Protection Learning chiefly stands:  
 whose Virtue moves more Pens, then his Powre Swords;  
 And Theme to those, and Edge to these affords;  
 who could not be Displeas'd, that his great Fame,  
 So Pure a Muse, so sharply should proclaime:  
 with his Queenes praise in the same Model cast;  
 which shall not lesse, then all their Annales, last.  
 Yet, though we wonder at thy Charming Voice;

Ovids  
 Meta-  
 morpho-  
 sis.

Com-  
 mental.

Virg.  
 Aen. lib. 1.

Panegy-  
 rick,

Per-

Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice :  
And of a Soule, which so much Power possesse,  
That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Best.  
But though Thy Muse were Ethnically Chast,  
When most Fault could be found; yet now thou hast  
Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;  
And chang'd Parnassus Mount to Sions Hill:  
So that blest David might almost Desire  
To heare his Harp thus Echo'd by thy Lyre.  
Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,  
Could not but be (though not Allow'd) excus'd,  
Join'd to a Worke so chaste, that though ill-done,  
So Pious an Attempt Praise could not shun.  
How strangely doth it darkest Texts Disclose,  
In Verses of such sweetnes; that even Those,  
From whom the unknowne Tongue conceales the Sense,  
Even in the Sound, must finde an Eloquence.  
For though the most bewitching Musicke could  
Move men, no more then Rockes; thy Language would.  
Those, who make Wit their Curse, who spend their Brain,  
Their Time, and Art, in looser Verse, to gain  
Damnation, and a Mistres; till they see

Now

How Constant that is, how Inconstant she;  
May from this great Example learne, to see  
The Parties th' are Blest with some more Blessed way,  
Fate can against thee but two Faults advance,  
Sharpe-sighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:  
The first (by Nature like a shadow, neere  
To all great Acts) I rather Hate then Feare:  
For them (since what soever most they Raise  
In Private, I hat they most in Throngs Dispraise;  
And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)  
who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.  
The last I Feare not much, but Pity more;  
For though they cannot the least Fault explore;  
Yet, if they might the high Tribunall Cline,  
To Them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:  
For Eloquence with things Profane they joine;  
Nor count it fit to Mixe with what's Divine;  
Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,  
Of it selfe sweet; which more Deforme then Grace.  
Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,  
Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?  
And sure that Vessel of Election, Paul,

who



Who Indais'd with Jewes, was All to All:  
 So, to Gaine some, would be (at least) Content,  
 Some for the Curious should be Eloquence:  
 For since the way to Heaven is Rugged, who  
 Would have the way to that Way be so too?  
 Or thinks it fit, we should not leave obtaining,  
 To learne with Pleasure, what we All must Paine?  
 Since then Some say, unlesse their Path be even,  
 Nor will be led by Solen's light to Harmons  
 And (through a tedious scarce to be controll'd)  
 Refuse a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;  
 Much like to them to that Disease Inur'd,  
 Which can be no way, but by Musick cur'd:  
 I Joy in Hope, that no small Piety  
 Will in their colder Hearts be warm'd by thee.  
 For as none could more Harmony dispense:  
 So neither could thy flowing Eloquence  
 So well in any Task be us'd, as This:  
 To Sound His Praises forth, whose Gift it is.

——— Cui non certaverit ulla  
 Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.

Faulkland.



## Summa Approbationis.

*Perlegi hoc Poema Paraphrasticum in Psalmos Davidis, et alios Hymnos sacros, in quo nihil reperio S. Paginae contrarium, quo minus cum utilitate, ut et summa lectorum voluptate imprimatur.*

Dat. ex Aedibus Lambethanis, Novemb. 28.

1635.

Guil. Bray

Rmo. P. D. A. Cant.

Capellan. Domesticus.

A  
PARAPHRASE UPON  
THE FIRST BOOKE OF  
THE PSALMES OF

DAVID.

PSALM. I.

**T**hat man is truly blest, who never strays  
By false advice, nor walkes in sinners wayes;  
Nor sits infected with their scornfull pride,  
Who God contemne, and Piery detide:  
But wholly fixeth his sincere delight  
On heavenly Lawes; those studies day and night.  
He shall be like a Tree that spreads his root  
By living streames, producing timely fruit:  
His lease shall never fall: the Lord shall blesse  
All his indeavours with desir'd successe.  
Men lost in Sinne unlike rewards shall find,  
Disperst like chaffe before the furious wind:  
Their guilt shall not that horrid Day indure,  
Nor they approach th' Assemblies of the Pure:  
For God approves those waies the Righteous tread;  
But sinfull Paths to sure destruction lead.

**H**OW are the Gentiles all on fire!  
 Why rage they with vaine menacings?  
 Earths haughty Potentates and Kings  
 'Gainst God, against his Christ conspire:  
 Breake we (say they) their servile bands,  
 And cast their cords from our free hands.

But God from his celestiall Throne  
 Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;  
 Then high incens't, thus checke their pride;  
 (His Wrath in their confusion showne)  
 Loe, I my King have crown'd, and will  
 In throne on Sions sacred Hill,

That great Decree I shall declare:  
 For thus I heard Iehovah say;  
 Thou art my Son begot this day:  
 Request, and I will grant thy praire,  
 Subject all Nations to thy Throne,  
 And make the Sea-borne Earth thine owne.

Thou shalt an Iron Scepter sway,  
 Like earthen vessels breake their bones.  
 Be wise, O you who sit on Thrones;  
 And Iudges grave advice obey;  
 With joyfull feare O serve the Lord;  
 With trembling loy embrace his Word.

In due of Homage kisse the Sonne,  
 Left he his wrathfull lookes display;  
 And so you perish in the way,  
 His anger newly but begunne;  
 Then blessed onely are the lusty,  
 Who on th'Anointed fixe their trust.

## P S. III.

**M**Y God, how are my foes increast!  
 What multitudes against me rise!  
 Who say, Give we his Soule no rest,  
 Whom God forsakes, and Men despise.  
 But thou art my Support, my Tower,  
 My Safety, my choice Ornament.  
 Before thy Throne my Prayers I powre;  
 Heard from thy Sions high ascent.  
 No feares affright my soft repose;  
 Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by day:  
 Not Myriads of armed Foes,  
 Nor Treasons secret hands dismay.  
 Arise; O vindicate my Cause!  
 My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,  
 Thou, Lord, hast smit; their cancred jaws,  
 And all their teeth asunder broke.  
 Thou, Lord, the onely Hope of those,  
 Who thee with holy Zeale adore;  
 Whose all-protecting Armes inclose  
 Their Safety, who thy Aide implore.

## P S. IV.

**T**Hou Guardian of my truth and me,  
That from these straits hast set me free,  
O heare my praire!  
Be I thy care;  
For mercie lives in thee.

You sonnes of men, how long will you  
Eclipse my glory, and pursue  
Lov'd vanities,  
Delight in lies,  
To Man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath bless,  
And will with soveraignty invest;  
His gentle eare  
Prepar'd to heare  
My never vaine request.

Sinne not, but feare; surcease, and try  
Your hearts, as on your beds you lie:  
Pure gifts present  
With pure intent,  
And place your hopes on high.

But Earthly minds false wealth admire,  
And toile with uncontrol'd desire.  
With cleare aspect  
Thy beames reflect,  
And heavenly thoughts inspire.



O let my joy, exempt from feares,  
Their joyes transcend, when Autumne beares  
His pleasant wines  
On clustred vines,  
And graine-replenisht eares,

Now shall the peacefull hand of Sleep  
In heavenly dew my senses steep;  
Whom thy large wings,  
O King of kings,  
In shades of Safety keep.

Ps. V.

**T**O heare me, Lord, be thou inclin'd;  
My thoughts O ponder in thy mind:  
And let my cries acceptance find.

Thou hear'st my morning Sacrifice:  
To thee, before the Day-star rise,  
My prayers ascend, with stedfast eyes.

Thou lov'st no vice; none dwells with thee;  
Nor glorious fooles thy Beauty see;  
All sin-defil'd detested bee.

Liars shall sinke beneath thy hate;  
Who thirst for blood and weaved deceit,  
Thy rage shall swiftly ruinate.



I to thy Temple will reaire,  
 Since infinite thy Mercies are;  
 And thee adore with Fears and Praire.

My God, conduct me by thy Grace;  
 For many have my Soule in chase.  
 Set thy strait paths before my face,

False are their tongues, their hearts are hollow,  
 Like gaping Sepulchres they swallow,  
 Fawne, and betray even those they follow.

With vengeance girt these Rebels round;  
 In their owne counsils them confound;  
 Since their transgressions thus abound.

Ioy they with an exalted voice,  
 That trust in thee, who guard'st thy Choice.  
 Let those who love thy Name rejoyce.

Thy blessings shall in showres descend;  
 Thy favour as a shield defend  
 All those, who Righteousnesse intend.

## P S A L M. VI.

**L**ord, thy deserved Wrath assuage;  
 Nor punish in thy burning Ire;  
 Let Mercie mitigate thy Rage,  
 Before my fainting life expire.

O heale!

O heale ! my bones with anguish ake ;  
 My pensive heart with sorrow worne.  
 How long wilt thou my Soule forsake !  
 O pity, and at length returne !  
 O let thy Mercies comfort me,  
 And thy afflicted Servant save !  
 Who will in death remember thee,  
 Or praise thee in the silent Grave ?  
 Vext by insulting enemies,  
 My groanes disturbe the peacefull Night ;  
 My bed washt with my streaming eyes ;  
 Through griefe grown old, and dim of sight.  
 All you of wicked life depart ;  
 The Lord my God hath heard my crie ;  
 He will recure my wounded heart,  
 And turne my teares to tides of Joy.  
 Who hate me, let dishonour wound,  
 Let feare their guilty soules affright ;  
 With shame their haughty lookes confound,  
 And let them vanish from my sight.

## P S. VII.

O Thou that art my Confidence,  
 And strong Defence ;  
 From those who my sad fall intend,  
 Great God, defend.  
 Lest Lion-like, if none controule,  
 They teare my persecuted Soule.

If I am guilty; if there be  
Deceit in me;

If ill I ever to my friend  
Did but intend,

Or rather have not succour'd those,  
Who were my undeserued foes:

Let them my stained Soule pursue,  
With hate subdue;

Let their proud feet in triumph tread  
Vpon my head:

My life out of her mansion thrust,  
And lay my Honour in the dust.

Against my dreadfull enemies,  
Great God, arise.

Iust Iudge, thy sleeping Wrath awake,  
And vengeance take:

Then all shall thee adore alone,  
O King of kings ascend thy throne!

Iudge thou my foes; as I am free,  
So judge thou me;

Declare thou my integritie;  
For thou dost trie

The heart and reines: the Iust defend;  
The malice of the Wicked end.

God is my shield; he helpe imparts  
To sincke hearts;

The good protects; but manaceth  
the bad with death;

Nor

Nor will, unlesse they change, relent:  
He whets his sword, his bow is bent.

Dire instruments prepared hath  
Of deadly wrath:  
And will at those, who persecute,  
Swift arrowes shoot:  
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd; now great  
With Mischiefe, travell; hatch Deceit.

Who digg'd a pit, first fell therein,  
Caught by his Sin;  
On his owne head his outrage shall  
Like ruines fall.

But I, O thou eternall King,  
Will of thy truth and justice sing.

## PS. VIII.

**L**Ord, how illustrious is thy Name!  
Whose pow'r both Heav'n & Earth proclaim!  
Thy Glorie thou hast set on hie,  
Above the marble-arched Skie.  
The wonders of thy power thou hast  
In mouths of babes and sucklings plac't;  
That so thou might'st thy foes confound,  
And who in malice most abound.  
When I pure Heaven, thy fabricke see,  
The Moone and Starres dispos'd by thee;  
O what is man, or his fraile Race,  
That thou shouldst such a Shadow grace!

Next

Next to thy Angels most renown'd;  
 With Majesty and Glory crown'd;  
 The King of all thy Creatures made;  
 That all beneath his feet hast layd:  
 All that on Dales or Mountaines feed,  
 That shady Woods or Deserts breed;  
 What in the airy Region glide,  
 Or through the rowling Ocean slide.  
 Lord, how illustrious is thy Name,  
 Whose power both Heaven and Earth proclame!

## P S. IX.

**T**Hee will I praise with Heart and Voice,  
 Thy wondrous Works aloud resound:  
 In thee, O Lord, will I rejoyce;  
 Thy Name with zealous praises crown'd.  
 My Foes fell by inglorious flight,  
 Before thy terrible Aspect:  
 Thy powerfull Hands support my Right;  
 Thou Iudgement justly dost direct.  
 The Proud are false, the Heathen lie;  
 Oblivion shall their names intombe,  
 Destruction, O thou enemy,  
 Hath now receiv'd a finall doome.  
 Thou Townes and Cities hast destroy'd;  
 Their memorie with them decays:  
 But God for ever shall abide,  
 And high his Throne of Iustice raise:



A righteous Scepter shall extend;  
And Iudgement distribute to all:  
He will oppressed Soules defend,  
That in the time of Trouble call.  
Who know thy Name in thee will trust;  
Thou never wilt forsake thine Owne.  
Praise Sions King, O praise the Iust,  
And make his noble Actions knowne.  
Bloud scapes not his revenging hand;  
He vindicates the Poore mans Cause.  
Lord, my insulting Foes withstand,  
And draw me from Deaths greedy Lawes;  
That I may in the royall Gate  
Of Sions Daughter raise my Voice;  
Thy ample Praises celebrate,  
And in thy saving Helpe rejoyce.  
They (false into the Pit they made)  
Are caught in Nets themselves prepar'd.  
The Lord his Iudgements hath displayd.  
The Wicked in their workes insnar'd.  
The Wicked downe to Hell shall sinke;  
And all that doe the Lord disdain.  
But God will on the Needy thinke;  
Nor shall the Poore expect in vaine.  
Lord, let not Man prevaile; arise;  
Th' Insulking Heathen judge: O then  
Let trembling Feare their hearts surprise;  
That they may know they are but Men.



## P S. X.

**W**ithdraw not, O my God, my guide:  
In time of trouble dost thou hide

Thy cheerefull face?

Who want thy Grace

The poore pursue with cruell pride:

O be they by their owne

Inventions overthrowne!

The wicked boast of their successe:

The covetous profanely blesse,

By thee, O Lord,

So much abhorred.

Their pride will not thy power confesse;

Nor have thy favour sought,

Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight;

Thy Iudgements farre above their sight:

Their enemies

Scoffe and despise:

Who say in heart, no opposite

Can us remove, nor shall

Our greatnesse ever fall.

Their mouths detested curses fill;

Fraud, mischief; ever prone to ill:

In secret they

Lurke to betray;

The Innocent in corners kill:  
His eyes with fierce intent  
Vpon the poore are bent.

He like a Lion in his den  
Awaits to catch oppressed men,  
Who unaware  
Light in his snare.

His couched limbs contracts, that then  
With all his strength he may  
Rush on his wretched prey.

His heart hath said, God hath forgot;  
He hides his face, he minds it not.  
Arise, O Lord,  
Draw thy just sword;

Nor out of thy remembrance blot  
The poore and desolate:  
O shield them from his hate!

Why should the wicked God despise,  
And say he lookes with careless eyes  
Their well-scene spite  
Thou shalt requite.

The poore, O Lord, on thee relies;  
Thou help'st the fatherlesse,  
Whom cruell men oppress.

Asunder breake the armes of those,  
Who ill affect, and good oppose:  
Their crimes explore,  
Vnill no more

Lurke in their bosoms to disclose.

Eternall King, thy Hand

Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou hast heard thy Servants praire;

Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:

Thy gracious Eare

Inclin'd to heare.

The Fatherlesse, and worne with care.

Iudge thou; that Mortalls may

No more with outrage sway.

## PS. XI.

**M**Y God, on Thee my hopes relie:

Why say they to my troubled Soule;

Arise, up to your Mountaine flie;

Flie quickly, like a chaced Foule?

For loe, the Wicked bend their bowes;

Their arrowes Fitt with secret Art;

That closely they may shoot at those,

Who are upright, and pure in heart.

If their foundation be destroy'd,

What can the Righteous build upon?

God in his Temple doth abide;

Heaven is the great Iehovah's Throne.

His Eyes behold, his Ey-lids trie

The Sonnes of men; allows the best;

But such as joy in cruelty

The Lord doth from his Soule detest.

Snares,

Snarcs, horrid Tempest, Brimstone, Fire  
 (Their portion) on their heads shall light:  
 Th'intirely lust affects th' Intire;  
 For ever pretious in his sight.

## P S. XII.

**H**Elpe Lord; for Godly men decay;  
 From Mottalls Faith, enforced, lies:  
 And with their sinnes Companions they  
 Talk of affected Vanities:  
 Their flattering Tongues abound with Lies;  
 Their double Hearts bent to betray.

God shall those flattering Lips confound,  
 And Tongues which swell with proud Disdaine;  
 Whose boastings arrogantly sound;  
 Our Tongues the conquest shall obtaine;  
 They are our owne, who shall reſtraine?  
 Or to our Wills preſcribe a bound?

But for th' Oppreſſion of the Poore,  
 And Wretches ſighs which pierce the Skies,  
 Who pity at his Throne implore,  
 The Lord hath ſaid, I will ariſe,  
 And from their Foes, who them deſpiſe,  
 Deliver all that me adore.

Gods Word is pure; as pure as Gold  
 In melting Fornace ſeven times try'd:

His armes for ever shall infold  
 All those, who in his truth abide,  
 The wicked range on every side,  
 When vitious men the Scepter hold.

## PS. XIII.

**H**OW long ! Lord, let me not  
 For ever be forgot !  
 How long, my God, wilt thou  
 Contract thy clouded brow !  
 How long in mind perplex  
 Shall I be daily vex !  
 How long shall he controll,  
 Who persecutes my soule !  
 Consider, heare my cries ;  
 Illuminate mine eyes ;  
 Lest with exhausted breath  
 I ever sleepe in Death ;  
 Lest my insulting foe  
 Boast in my overthrow ;  
 And those who would destroy,  
 In my subversion joy.  
 But I, Thou ever Iust,  
 Will in thy mercie trust ;  
 And in thy saving Grace  
 My constant comfort place :  
 My Songs shall sing thy praise,  
 That hast prolong'd my dayes.



## P S. XIV.

**T**He Foole hath said in his false heart ;  
 God cares not what to Man succeeds.  
 Abominable are their Deeds ;  
 All Ill affect, from Good depart.

Iehovah Mans rebellious Race  
 Beheld from his celestiall Throne,  
 To see if there were any one,  
 That understood, or sought his Face.

All from forsaken Truth are flowne ;  
 Corrupt in Body, such in Soule,  
 Defil'd within, without as foule ;  
 None Good indeavours, no not one.

Are all, that worke Iniquity,  
 By Ignorance so blindly led ?  
 My People they devoure like Bread ;  
 Nor call on him who sits on high.

Their Consciences with terrour quake ;  
 Since God doth with the Iust abide :  
 For Poore mens Counsils they deride,  
 Who him for their Protection take.

O that unto thy Israel  
 Salvation might from Sion spring !  
 When God shall us from Bondage bring,  
 No Ioy shall Iacobs Ioy excell.

## P S. XV.

**W**Ho shall in thy Tent abide;  
 On thy holy Hill reside;  
 He that's lust and Innocent;  
 Tells the truth of his intent;  
 Slanders none with venom'd Tongue;  
 Feares to doe his Neighbour wrong;  
 Fosters not base Infamies;  
 Vice beholds with scornfull eyes;  
 Honours those who feare the Lord;  
 Keepes, though to his losse, his Word;  
 Takes no bribes for wicked ends,  
 Nor to Vse his money lends;  
 Whoby these directions guide  
 Their pure steps, shall never slide.

## P S. XVI.

**P**Reserve me, my undoubted Aid:  
 To whom, thou, O my Soule, hast said,  
 Thou art my God; no good in me,  
 Nor merit can extend to Thee;  
 But to thy blessed Saints that dwell  
 On Earth, whose Graces most excell:  
 Those ravish me with pure delight,  
 Their sorrowes shall be infinite,  
 Whoother Gods with gifts adore:  
 Their bloody Offering, I abhorre;  
 Nor shall their names my Lips profane,

But

But God my lot will still maintaine:  
 He is my Portion, he bestowes  
 The Cup, that with his bounty flowes.  
 I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,  
 A faire and large Possession gain'd.  
 The Lord I will for ever praise,  
 Whose Counsils have inform'd my Wayes;  
 And my inflamed zeale excite  
 To serve him in the silent night.  
 He is my Object; by his Hand  
 Confirm'd, immovable I stand.  
 Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possess'd;  
 My flesh in constant Hope shall rest.  
 Thou wilt not leave my Soule alone  
 In Hell, nor let thy Holy One  
 Corruption see: but that High way  
 To Everlasting life display.  
 Thy Presence yields intire delight:  
 At thy Right hand loves infinite,

## P S. XVII.

Lord, grant my just Request; O hear my cry,  
 And prais that lips, untoucht w<sup>th</sup> guile, unfold:  
 My Cause before thy High Tribunall trie,  
 And let thine Eyes my righteousness behold.

Thou prov'st my Heart even in the nights recess,  
 Like metall try'st me, yet no dross hast found:  
 I am resolv'd, my Tongue shall not transgresse;  
 But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

So shall I from the Paths of Tyrants flie :  
O, lest I slip, direct my steps by Thine;  
I thee invoke ; for thou wilt heare my Crie :  
Thine Eare to my afflicted Voice incline,

O shew thy wondrous Love ! Thou from their Foe  
Preservest all that on thy Aid depend,  
Lord, as the Apple of the eye inclose,  
And over me thy shady Wings extend.

For Impious men, and such as deadly hate  
My guiltlesse Soule, have compast me about;  
Who swell with pride, inclos'd with their own fat,  
And words of contumely thunder out,

Our traced steps intrap as in a Toile ;  
Low-couched on the Earth with flaming Eyes;  
Like famisht Lions eager of their Spoile,  
Or Lions whelps ; close lurking to surprize

Arise ! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd ;  
My pensive Soule, from the Devourer save :  
From men which are thy scourge, men of the world,  
Who in this life alone their portion have.

Fill'd with thy secret Treasure, to their Race  
They their accumulated Riches leave :  
But I with Righteousnesse shall see thy Face ;  
And rising, in thy Image, joy receive.

## P.S. XVIII.

**M**Y Heart on thee is fixt, my Stréngth, my Powers,  
 My stedfast Rock, my Fortresse, my hie Tower,  
 My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,  
 The Horne of my Salvation, my Defence.  
 My Songs shall thy deserved Praise resound:  
 For at my Praires thou wilt my Foes confound.  
 Sorrowes of Death on every side assail'd,  
 And dreadfull floods of Impious men prevail'd;  
 Sorrowes of Hell my compast Soule dismayd,  
 And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd:  
 In this Distresse I cry'd, and call'd upon  
 The Lord, who heard me from his holy Throne.  
 Herrembling Earth in his fierce Anger strook;  
 Th' unfixed roots of airy Mountaines shook;  
 Smoke from his Nostrills flew; devouring Fire  
 Brake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire.  
 In his descent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,  
 And gloomy Darknesse roll'd beneath his Feet;  
 A golden-winged Cherubin bestrid,  
 And on the swittly-flying Tempest rid.  
 He Darknesse made his secret Cabinet;  
 Thick Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him set:  
 The Beames of his bright Presence these expell;  
 Whéce showrs of burning Coles & Hailstones fell.  
 From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;  
 In Haile and darting Flames th' Almighty spake;  
 Whose Arrowes my amazed Foes subdue;  
 And at their scattred troupes His Lightning threw.



The Ocean could not his deepe botome hide;  
The worlds conceal'd foundations were descri'd  
At thy rebuke, Iehovah, at the blast (pass.  
Even of the breath, which through thy nostrils  
He with extended armes his Servant saves,  
And drew me sinking from th' enraged waves:  
From my proud foes by his assistance freed,  
Who swoln with hate, no lesse in strength exceed.  
Without his aid, I in that stormie day  
Of my affliction, had become their prey:  
Who from those straits of danger by his might  
Enlarg'd my soule; for I was his delight.  
The Lord according to my innocence  
And iustice did his saving grace dispense.  
The narrow path by him prescribed I took;  
Nor like the wicked, my great God forsooke:  
For all his judgements were before mine eyes;  
I with his statutes daily did advise,  
And ever walkt before him void of guile;  
No act or purpose did my soule defile:  
For this he recompens't my righteousness,  
And crown'd my innocence with faire successe.  
The Mercifull shall flourish in thy grace;  
Thy righteousness the Righteous shall embrace:  
Thou to the pure thy purity wilt show;  
And the perverse shall thy avernesse know.  
For thou wilt thy afflicted people save,  
The proud cast down, downe to the greedy grave.  
Thou Lord wilt make my taper to shine bright,  
And cleare my darknesse with celestiall light.  
Through thee I have against an Hostie prevaild,  
And by thy aid a loslie Bulwarke scaild.

Gods path is perfect, all his words are just;  
A shield to those that in his promise trust.  
What God is there in Heaven or Earth but ours!  
What Rock but he against assailing Powers!  
He breath'd new strength and courage in the day  
Of Battell, and securely cleer'd my way:  
He makes my feet outstrip the nimble Hind  
Up to the mountains, where I safety find.  
'Tis he that teacheth my weake hands to fight:  
A Bow of Steele is broken by their might.  
Thou didst thy ample shield before me set;  
Thy arme uphold, thy favour made me great.  
The passage of my steps on every side  
Thou hast enlarged, lest my feet should slide.  
I followed, overtooke; nor made retreat,  
Untill victorious in my foes defeat;  
So charg'd with wounds, that they no longer stood,  
But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.  
Thou arm'st me with prevailing fortitude,  
And all that rose against me hast subdu'd;  
Their stubborn necks subjected to my Will,  
That I their blood, who hate my Soul, might spill.  
They cry'd aloud; but found no succour neere;  
To thee, Iehovah; but thou would'st not heare.  
I pounded them like dust, which whirl-winds raise:  
Trode under foot as dirt in beaten wayes.  
From popular furie thou hast set me free;  
Among the Heathen hast exalted me;  
Whom unknown Nations serve; as soone obey  
As heare of me, and yield unto my sway.  
The stranger-born, beset with horror, fled,  
And in their close Retreats betray their dread.

O praise the living Lord, the Rock whereon  
 I build; the God of my Salvation,  
 'Tis he who rights my Wrongs; the people bends  
 To my subjection; from my Foe defends.  
 Thou raisest me above their proud controul;  
 And from the violent man hast freed my Soul:  
 The Heathen shall admire my Thankfulnessie;  
 My Songs shall thy immortall Praise expresse,  
 A great and manifold Deliverance  
 God gives his King: his mercie doth advance  
 In his Anointed; and will showre his grace  
 Eternally on David and his Race.

## P S. XIX.

**G**ods glorie the vast Heavens proclame;  
 The Firmament, his mighty Frame.  
 Day unto Day, and Night to Night  
 The wonders of his workes recite.  
 To these nor speech nor words belong,  
 Yet understood without a Tongue.  
 The Globe of Earth they compass round;  
 Through all the world disperse their sound.  
 There is the Sunnes Pavillion set;  
 Who from his Rosie Cabinet  
 Like a fresh Bride-groome shewes his face  
 And as a Giant runnes his race:  
 He riseth in the dawning East,  
 And glides obliquely to the West:  
 The World with his bright Raies repleat;  
 All Creatures cherish by his heat,

Gods

Gods Lawes are perfect, and restore  
The Soule to life, even dead before.  
His Testimonies, firmly true,  
With Wisdome simple men indue.  
The Lords Commandments are upright,  
And feast the Soule with sweet delight.  
His Precepts are all Puritie,  
Such as illuminate the Eye.  
The Feare of God, soild with no staine,  
Shall everlastingly remaine.  
Iehovah's Iudgements are divine;  
With Iudgement he doth Iustice joyne,  
Which men should more then Gold desire,  
Then heapes of Gold refin'd by fire:  
More sweet then Honey of the Hive,  
Or Cels where Bees their treasure live.  
Thy Servant is inform'd from thence:  
They their Observers recompense.  
Who knowes what his Offences be?  
From secret sinnes O cleanse thou me!  
And from presumptuous Crimes restraine;  
Nor let them in thy Servant reigne:  
So shall I live in Innocence,  
Not spatted with that great Offence.  
My Fortresse, my Deliverer;  
O let the Prayres my Lips preferre,  
And Thoughts which from my heart arise,  
Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALM, XX.

PS. XX.

**T**He Lord in thy adversity  
 Regard thy crie;  
 Great Jacobs God with safety arme,  
 And shield from harme;  
 Helpe from his Sanctuarie send,  
 And out of Sion thee defend,  
 Thy Odors, which pure flames consume,  
 Be his perfume.  
 May he accept thy Sacrifice,  
 Fir'd from the Skies.  
 For ever thy indeavours blesse,  
 And crowne thy Counsils with successe.  
 We will of thy deliverance sing,  
 Triumphant King:  
 Our Ensignes in that praid-for Day  
 With joy display;  
 Even in the name of God. O still  
 May he thy just desires fulfill!  
 Now know I his Anointed he  
 Will heare, and free;  
 With saving hand and mighty power,  
 From his high Tower.  
 They trust in Horse; in Chariots those;  
 Our trust we in our God repose,

*Ans.  
Pse.*

Their



Their wounded limbs with anguish bend,  
 To Death descend:  
 But we in fervour of the fight  
 Have stood upright.  
 O save us, Lord; thy Suppliants heare;  
 And in our aid, great King, appeare.

## P S. XXI.

**L**ord, in thy Salvation,  
 In the Strength which thou hast shewn,  
 Greatly shall the King rejoyce.  
 How will Ioy exalt his Voyce!  
 Thou hast granted his request;  
 Of his hearts desire posscest;  
 Blest with Blessings manifold;  
 Crown'd with sparkling Gemmes & Gold.  
 Praid-for life thou granted hast;  
 Length of dayes which never waste;  
 By thy Safeguard glorious made;  
 With high Majesty array'd;  
 Of resistlesse pow'r posscest;  
 By thy favours ever blest.  
 Lo! his joyes are infinite;  
 Ioy reflected from thy sight:  
 For the King in God did trust.  
 Through the Mercie of the lust,  
 He shall ever fixed stand.  
 For thy hand, thy owne Right hand,  
 Shall thy enemies destroy,  
 Who would in thy ruine joy.

When

When thy Anger shall awake,  
 Them a flaming furnace make,  
 God shall swallow in his Ire,  
 And devoure them all with fire.  
 From the Earth destroy their Fruit;  
 Never let their Seed take root;  
 Mischievous was their intent;  
 All their thoughts against me bent;  
 Thoughts which nothing could performe.  
 Let thy Arrowes, like a storme,  
 Put them to inglorious flight:  
 On their daunted faces light.  
 Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raise,  
 While we sing thy Power and Praise.

## P S. XXI I.

**M**Y God! O why hast thou forsook?  
 Why O so farre withdrawne thy Aid!  
 Nor when I roared, pity took!  
 My God, by day to Thee I prayd,  
 And when Nights cortaines were displayd:  
 Yet wouldst not Thou vouchsafe a look.

Yet Thou art holy, thron'd on high;  
 The Israelites thy Praise resound.  
 Our Fathers did on thee relie;  
 Their Faith with wreaths of Conquest crown'd:  
 They sought, and thy Deliverance found;  
 They trusted, and thy Truth did trie.

But

But I a worme, no man, am made  
The scorne of men; despis'd by all:  
Who shake their heads, make mouths, upbraid.  
Let God, say they, redeeme from thrall,  
On whom thy Hopes so vainly call:  
Now let him his Beloved aid.

Thou drew'st me from the wombe; by Thee  
Confirmed at my Mothers brest:  
When born, thou took'st the charge of me;  
Even from my birth, my God profest.  
O succour me with feare distrest!  
Thou canst alone thy Servant free.

Incens'd Bulls about me stare;  
Strong Bulls of Bashan girt me round:  
Who their inflamed mouths prepare,  
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.  
I'm spilt like water on the ground;  
And all my bones disjointed are.

My Heart like Wax within me thawes;  
My vigour as a pot-shard dry'd;  
My thirstie Tongue cleaves to my jawes:  
In dust of Death thou dost me hide:  
Dogs compasse me on every side;  
And multitudes, who hate thy Lawes,

My Hands and Feet transfix'd are;  
Bones to be told, with anguish waste:  
This scene with joy, my robes they share;  
Lots on my seamless garment cast

My

My Strength, to my redemption haste!  
Nor O be deafe to my sad praire!

Let not the Sward thy Servant wound;  
My Dearling from the Dog protect:  
From Lions that in rage abound;  
From Vnicorne, guard thy Elect.  
I then my Brethren will direct;  
Among the Saints thy Praise resound.

Lev.  
Pist.

O praise him you who feare the Lord;  
You Sonnes of Iacob, God adore:  
Let Israels Seed his praise record;  
For from their cries who helpe implore,  
His Face he hides not, nor the Poore  
In their Affliction hath abhor'd.

I in the great Assemblie, shall  
Declare his Works, which words exceed;  
And pay my vows before them all.  
The Mecke abundantly shall feed;  
The Faithfull praise their Help at need,  
Nor by the stroke of Death shall fall.

All who behold the Sunnes Vprise,  
Shall God professe, and serve alone:  
And all the Heathen Families  
Shall cast themselves before his Throne;  
Because the Kingdome is his owne:  
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperitie abound,

Tran.  
Jms.  
Nor Mel.

Nor undeserved Honours gaine;  
 Who poorly creep upon the ground,  
 And scarce their needy lives sustain;  
 Shall eat, and to his easie reign  
 Submit, with joyes eternall crown'd,

Their sanctifi'd Posteritie  
 Shall ever celebrate his Name.  
 Adopted Sonnes of the most High:  
 They shall his Righteousnesse proclame,  
 And Works of everlasting fame,  
 To their believing Progenie.

## P S. XXIII.

**T**He Lord my Shepheard, me his Sheep  
 Will from consuming Famine keep.  
 He fosters me in fragrant Meads,  
 By softly-sliding waters leads;  
 My Soule refresh't with pleasant juice:  
 And lest they should his Name traduce,  
 Then when I wander in the Maze  
 Of tempting Sinne, informes my waies.  
 No terrour can my courage quail,  
 Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vale:  
 By thy Protection fortifi'd:  
 Thy Staffe my Sray, thy Rod my Guide.  
 My Table thou hast furnished;  
 Pow'r'd pretious Odors on my head:  
 My Mazer flowes with pleasant Wine,  
 While all my Foes with envy pine.

Thy



Thy Mercie and Beneficence  
 Shall ever joine in my Defence;  
 Who in thy House will sacrifice,  
 Till aged Time close up mine eyes.

## P S. XXIV.

**T**He round and many-peopled Earth,  
 What from her wombe extract their birth,  
 And whom her foodfull brest sustaines,  
 Are his, who high in glory reignes.  
 The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd,  
 By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd.  
 Who shall upon his Mountaine rest?  
 Who in his Sanctuary feast?  
 Even he, whose hands are innocent;  
 His heart unsoild with foule intent;  
 Whom swoln Ambition, Avarice,  
 Nor tempting Pleasures can intice;  
 Who only their infection feares;  
 And never fraudulently sweares:  
 The Lord his Saviour him shall blesse,  
 And cloth him with his Righteousnesse.  
 Such are of Iacobs faithfull Race,  
 Who seeke him, and shall find his Face.  
 You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;  
 You everlasting Doores, give way;  
 The King of Glory comes. O sing  
 His Praise! Who is this glorious King?  
 The Lord in Strength, in Power compleat;  
 The Lord in battaile more then great.

You

You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;  
 You everlasting Doores, give way;  
 The King of Glory comes. O sing  
 His praise! Who is this glorious King?  
 The Lord of Hosts, of Victory,  
 Is King of glory; thron'd on high.

## P. S. XXV.

**O**N thee with confidence I call,  
 To thee my troubled soule erect:  
 Lord, let not shame my looke deject,  
 Nor malice triumph in my fall.  
 Thy Servants save; but those confound,  
 Who innocence with slander wound.

In thy disclosed paths direct;  
 Thy Truth, that leading Starre, display:  
 O my Redeemer! every day  
 My dangers thy reliefe expect.  
 Thinke of thy mercies showne of old;  
 Thy mercies more then can be told.

The sins of my unbridled Youth,  
 Nor fraile transgressions call to mind:  
 Let those that seeke thy Mercy finde,  
 Even for the honour of thy Truth,  
 God ever just and good, the way  
 Of life will shew to such as stray.

The Meeke in righteounesse shall guide;  
 To such his heavenly Will expresse:

D

Which

Which shall with Truth and Mercy blesse  
All such as in his Laws abide.  
My sinnes so numerous and great  
O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

What's he who feares the ever Blest?  
To him shall he his paths disclose;  
His Soule refresh't with calme repose;  
The Land by his faire Race possesse:  
To him his counsels shall impart,  
And seale his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed eies I wait:  
My feet enlarge thou from their snares:  
O pittie me so worne with cares;  
Despised, poore, and desolate!  
The troubles of my mind increase;  
Lord, from their galling yoke release!

Behold thou my affliction,  
The toile and straits, wherein I live:  
My sinnes, so infinite, forgive.  
Behold my Foes, how potent growne!  
How are they multipl'd of late,  
Who hate me with a deadly hate!

Deliver, O! from shame protect;  
Since from my faith I never swerve:  
Let innocence and truth preserve,  
Who constantly thy ayd expect.  
Redeeme thy chosen Israel,  
And sorrow from his breast expell.

PS. XXVI.

**L**ord, judge my cause: thy piercing eie  
Beholds my soules integrity.

How can I fall,

When I, and all

My hopes on thee relie?

Examine, try my reines and heart!

Thou mercies Source, my obiect art;

Nor from thy Truth

Have I in Youth,

Or will in age depart.

Men sold to sinne offend my sight;

I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite;

Those who devise

Malicious lies,

And in their crimes delight.

But will with hands immaculate,

And offerings at thy Altar wait:

Thy praise disperse

In gratefull verse;

Thy noble acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteeme, excels;

The Mansion where thy Glory dwells:

My life O close

Not up with those,

Whose sinnes thy Grace expels!

D 2

Who

Who guiltles bloud with pleasure spill:  
Subverting bribes their right-hands fill;  
Bold in offence.

But innocence  
And truth shall guard me still.

Redeeme; O with thy Grace susteine!  
My feete now stand upon the plaine.

Thy Iustice I  
Will magnific,  
With those who feare thy Name.

## P S. XXVII.

**G**Od is my Saviour, my cleare light:  
Who then can my repose affright?

Or what appeare  
Worth such a feare?

My life protected by his Might:  
Vaine hatred, vaine their powre,  
That would my life devoure.

These fell, when they against me fought:  
The Wicked suffer'd what they sought.

Though troops of foes  
At once inclose,

Of feare I would not lodge a thought:

Should Armies compasse me;  
So confident in thee.

One thing I have, and shall request;

Thar



That I may in thy Mansion rest,  
Till Death surprise  
My closing eyes:

That they may on thy beauty feast;  
That in thy Temple still  
I may enquire thy Will.

When stormes arise on every side,  
He will in his Pavilion hide:

How ever great,  
In that retreat  
I shall conceal'd and safe abide.

He (to resist their shocke)  
Hath fixt me on a Rocke.

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd  
Above my foes, who girt me round;

That in thy Tent  
I may present

My sacrifice with Trumpets sound:

There I thy praise will sing,  
Set to a wel-tun'd string.

O heare thou my afflicted cry;  
Extend thy pittie, and reply.

When thus the Lord  
In sweet accord;

Seeke thou my Face with searching Eye.

Directed by thy Grace,  
Lord, I will seeke thy Face.

Thy Face O therfore never hide!

Nor in thine anger turne aside  
 From him that hath  
 Serv'd thee with faith.

Forsake me not, my ancient Guide;  
 So oft in dangers knowne:  
 O leave me not alone!

Although my Parents should forsake;  
 Yet, Lord, thou wouldst to Harbour take.

O lest I stray  
 Teach me thy Way,  
 And in thy Precepts perfect make:

Because my enemies  
 Watch like so many spies.

Expose me not to their desire;  
 For lying witnessess conspire,  
 Who in their breath  
 Beare Wrath and Death.

My Soule had sunke beneath their ire,  
 But that I did relie  
 On thy benignity.

In hope to see (within the Land  
 Of those that live) thy saving hand.  
 He shall impart  
 Strength to thy heart.

Wait on the Lord, undanted stand;  
 His heavenly Will attend,  
 Who timely aide will send.

Ps. XXVIII.

**M**Y God, my Rock, regard my Crie;  
Lest I unheard, like those that die,  
In shades of darke oblivion lie.

To my ascending griefe give care,  
When I my hands devoutly reare  
Before thy Mercie-seat with feare.

With wicked men mix not my fate;  
Nor drag me with the Reprobate,  
Who speake of Peace, but foster Hate.

Such as their works, their dire intent,  
And practises to circumvent;  
Such be their dreadfull punishment.

\*Since they will not thy Choice renown;  
But hate whom thou intend'st to crown;  
O build not up, but pull them down!

He heares! his Name be magnifi'd!  
My strength secur'd on every side,  
Since all my hope on him rely'd.

These Seas of Ioy my reares devour.  
My Songs shall celebrate thy Powre,  
O thou that art to thine a Towre.

O thou my strong Deliverance,

Thy People, thine Inheritance,  
Blesse, feed, preserve, and still advance.

## P S. XXIX.

**Y**OU that are of Princely birth,  
Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth;  
Glorie give, his Power proclame;  
Magnifie and praise his Name:  
Worship; in the Beauty blesse,  
Beauty of his Holinesse.  
From a dark and shewing cloud  
On the Floods that roare aloud  
Hark! his Voice with terroure breaks:  
God, our God in Thunder speaks,  
Powerfull in his Voice on hie,  
Full of Power and Majestie:  
Lofsy Cedars overthrown,  
Cedarsof steep Libanon,  
Calf-like skipping on the ground.  
Libanon and Sirion bound,  
Like a youthfull Vnicorn.  
Lab'ring Clouds with Lightning torn,  
At his Voice the Desert shakes;  
Kadish, thy vast Desert quakes.  
Trembling Hinds then calve for feare:  
Shady Forrests bare appeare:  
His Renown by every tongue  
Through his holy Temple sung.  
Hethe raging Floods restrains:  
He a King for ever raigues.

God

PSALM. XXX.

God his People shall increase,  
Arme with Strength, and blesse with Peace.

PS. XXX.

**M**Y Verse shall in thy Praises flow :  
Lord, thou hast rais'd my head on high ;  
Nor suffered the proud Enemy  
To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud ; thy Arme did save ;  
Thou drew'st me from the shades of Death,  
Repealing my exiled breath,  
When almost swallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh sing his praise !  
Present your Vowes unto the Lord ;  
His perfect Holinesse record,  
Whose Wrath but for a moment staves.

His quickning Favour life bestowes :  
Teares may continue for a night ;  
But Ioy springs with the Morning light ;  
Long-lasting Ioyes, soone-ending Woes.

In my Prosperitie I said,  
My feet shall ever fixe abide,  
By thy favour fortify'd,  
Am like a stedfast Mountain made.

But when thou hid'st thy cheerfull Face ;  
How infinite my Troubles grew !

My



My cries then with my griefe renew,  
Which thus implor'd thy saving Grace;

What profit can my blood afford,  
When I shall to the Grave descend?  
Can senselesse Dust thy Praise extend?  
Can Death thy living Truth record?

To my Complaints attentive be:  
Thy Mercie in my aid advance:  
O perfect my Deliverance,  
That have no other Hope but thee!

Thou, Lord, hast made th' Afflicted glad,  
My Sorrow into Dauncing turn'd:  
The Sack-cloth torne wherein I mourn'd,  
And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

That so my Glory might proclame  
Thy Favours in a joyfull Verse;  
Vncessantly thy Praise rehearse,  
And magnifie thy sacred Name.

## P S. XXXI.

**W**Ho trusts in thee, O let not Shame deject!  
Thou ever lust, my chafed Soule secure:  
Lord, lend a willing eare, with speed protect;  
Be thou my Rock; with thy strong arm immure.

My Rock, my Fortresse, for thy Honour aid,  
And my ingaged feet from Danger guide:

Pull

Pull from their subtil Snares in secret layd,  
O thou my onely Strength so often try'd.

To thy safe Hands my Spirit I commend,  
O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.

Who Lies invent, or unto Idols bend,  
I have abhor'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoyce, and in thy Mercie boast,  
That in his trouble wouldst thy Servant know:

Deliver, when in expectation lost;  
Nor yield him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Now help the Comfortlesse: my Sight decays,  
My Spirits faint, my Flesh consumes with care:  
My life is spent with Griefe, in Sighs my Daies;  
My strength through sin dissolves, my bones impair.

To all my Foes I am become a scorne;  
Nor least to those, who seem'd in love most neare:  
By all my late familiar friends forlorn;  
Who when they meet me, turn aside for fear.

Forgot like those, who in the Grave abide,  
And as a broken Vessell past repair:  
Traduc'd by many, (feare on every side)  
Who counsil take, and would my life insnare.

Bur, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt: I said,  
Thou art my God; my Dayes are in thy Hand:  
Against my furious Foes oppose thy Aid;  
And those, who persecure my Soule, withstand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant shine;  
Save for thy Mercies sake, from Shame defend.  
Shame cover those who keep no Lawes of thine;  
And undeplored to the Grave descend.

The lying lips in endlesse silence close,  
That with despite and pride traduce the Iust.  
What Ioy hast thou reserv'd! what wrought for those,  
(In sight of all) who feare, and in thee trust!

Those shalt thou in thy secret presence hide  
From their Oppressors, Violence, and Wrongs;  
They in thy close Pavilion shall abide,  
Secured from the strife of envious Tongues.

Blest he! who in a walled City hath  
To me his wonderfull Affection shown.  
I rashly sayd, I am the food of Wrath;  
Cut off; for ever from his Presence thrown.

Yet thou, O ever blessed, heardst my prayer,  
When to thy Mercie I address my Crie.  
O love the living Lord, all you that are  
His chosen Saints, and on his Aid relie:

For he the Faithfull ever will preserve;  
And render to the Proud their full deserts.  
Couragious be all they, who hope, and serve  
The Lord of life, who will confirme your hearts.

PS. XXXII.

**B**Left, O thrice blest is he,  
 Whose Sinnes remitted be;  
 And whose Impieties  
 God covers from his Eyes:  
 To whom his Sinnes are not  
 Imputed, as forgot:  
 His Soule with guile unstain'd.  
 While silent I remain'd,  
 My bones consum'd away;  
 I roared all the day:  
 For on me day and night  
 Thy hand did heauie light.  
 My moisture dry'd thoroughour,  
 Like to a Summers drought,  
 I then my Sinnes confest,  
 How farre I had transgressed:  
 When all I had reueald,  
 Thy Hand my Pardon seal'd.  
 For this, who Godly are  
 Shall seeke to thee by Praire;  
 Seeke, when thou mayst be found;  
 In Deluges undrown'd.  
 Thou art my safe Retreat,  
 My Shield, when dangers threat;  
 Shalt my deliverance  
 With Songs of Ioy advance.  
 I will instruct, and shew  
 The way which thou shouldst goe;

The

The way to Pietie;  
 And guide thee with mine eye.  
 Be not like Mule and Horse,  
 Whose reason is their force;  
 Whose mouth the Bit and Reigne,  
 Lest they rebell, restrain.  
 Innumerable Woes  
 The Wicked shall inclose:  
 But those who God affect,  
 His Mercie shall protect.  
 O you, who are upright,  
 In God your God delight:  
 You lust, his blessed Choice,  
 In Him with Songs rejoice.

## P S. XXXIII.

**T**O God, you lust, your Voices raise;  
 It you besemes to sing his Praise.  
 O celebrate the King of kings  
 On Instruments strung with ten Strings;  
 To Harp and Lute new Ditties sing;  
 Sing loud with skilfull fingering.  
 His Words are crown'd by their event;  
 And all his Works are permanent.  
 Justice and Iudgement he affects;  
 His Bountie upon all reflects.  
 His Word the arched Heavens did frame;  
 His Breath the Starres eternall Flame.  
 He the collected Seas confines,  
 And folds the Deepe in Magazines.



The Lord, O all you Nations, feare ;  
All whom the Earths round shoulders beare.  
He spake; 'twas done as soone as said;  
At his Commandment stedfast made.  
The People counsil take in vain;  
Their Projects no successe obtain.  
The Counsils of the Lord are sure;  
His Purposes no Change indure.  
Blest they, whose God Iehovah is;  
The Nation set apart for his.  
The Lord looks from the lofty Skies;  
On carefull Mortals casts his Eyes:  
The Lord looks from his Residence;  
The Sonnes of men beholds from thence.  
He fashioned their hearts alone;  
To him their thoughts & deeds are known.  
No King is saved by an Host;  
No Giant in his strength should boast:  
There rests no safety in a Horse;  
None are delivered by his force.  
Gods eyes are ever on the iust,  
Who feare, and in his Mercie trust;  
To free their Souls from swallowing earth,  
And keep alive in time of Dearth.  
Our fervent Souls on God attend,  
Our Help, who only can defend:  
In whom our heares exult for joy:  
Because we on his Name relie.  
Great God to us propitious be,  
As we have fixt our Hopes on thee;

P.S.

## P S. XXXIV.

**T**he Lord I will for ever blesse;  
 My tongue his praises shall professe;  
 In him my Soule shall boast:  
 The Meeke shall heare the same, and joy:  
 His Name with me O magnifie;  
 Extoll the Lord of Host.

My praies ascending pierc't his care;  
 Who snacht me from those stormes of feare.

The Meeke who God expect,  
 Who flow to him like living Brookes,  
 Shame never shall distaine their looks,  
 Nor with foule guilt infect.

This wretch in his adversity  
 (Then men shall say) to God did cry,  
 Whose mercy him secur'd.

The Angels of Iehovah those,  
 Who feare him, with their Tents inclose,  
 By strength divine immur'd.

How good our God, O tast and see!  
 Who trust in him thrice happy be;

You Saints, O feare him still:  
 Such feele no want; the Lions fore,  
 For hunger; but who God implore,  
 He shall with plenty fill.

Come children, with attention heare,

I will

I will instruct you in his feare.

What man delights in life?

Seekes to live happily and long?

From evill guard thy wary tongue,

Thy lips from fraud and strife.

Doe good, and wicked deeds eschue;

Secke sacred Peace, her steps pursue.

Gods eyes are on the Iust;

Their cries his open eare attends:

But on the bad his wrath descends,

Their names reduc'd to dust.

He heares the Righteous, and their cry;

Preserv'd in their adversity:

A broken heart affects,

And soules contrite which in him trust.

Great are the afflictions of the Iust;

But he in all protects:

Keepes every bone of theirs intire.

The Wicked swallows in his ire,

And who the Righteous hate.

The Lord his Servants shall redeeme;

Those ever deare in his esteeme,

Who on his promise wait.

P S. XXXV.

**L**ord, plead my cause against my foes;

With such as fight against me, fight:

E

Arise

Arise, thy ample Shield oppose,  
And with thy Sword defend my right.  
Addresse thy Speare; thole in their way  
Encounter, who my Soule invade:  
To her O let thy Spirit say,  
I am thy God, and saving Aide.  
Let those, who my disgrace contrive,  
Hang downe their heads, for flight design'd:  
Who seeke my fall, let Angels drive  
Like Chasse before the blustering Wind.  
Obscure and slippery be their path;  
Let winged Troops pursue their foile;  
Since they for me with causelesse wrath  
Have dig'd a pit, and pick't a Toile,  
Let sodaine ruine them destroy;  
Mesht in the Nets themselves had laid:  
Then in the Lord my Soule shall joy,  
And glory in his timely aide.  
My Bones shall say, O who like thee,  
That arm'st the Weake against the Strong;  
That dost the Poore and Needy free  
From outrage, and too powerfull wrong?  
False witnesses against me stood,  
Who unknown accusations brought:  
That Evill rendered for Good,  
And closely my confusion sought.  
I in their sicknes did condole;  
Vnfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd:  
With fasting humbled my sad Soule,  
And often to my Praires return'd:  
Him visited both Night and Day,  
As if an ancient Friend or Brother:

*Trem.  
Jun.  
Pisc.*

In Blacke upon the Earth I lay,  
And wept as for my dying Mother.  
Yet these rejoyced in my woe;

*Pisc.*

False Comforters about me crowd;  
And least I should their cunning know,  
They rent their Cloths, and cri'd aloud.

Like Hypocrites at Feasts, they jeere;  
Whose gnashing teeth their hate professe;

O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,  
And onely looke on my distresse?

O save from those, who smile, and kill;  
My Dearling from the Lions jaws.

I in the great Assembly will  
Then praise thy Name with full applause;

Let not my causelesse enemies  
Rejoyce in my afflicted state;

Nor winke at me with scornefull eies,  
Who swell with undeserved hate.

Of peace they speake not; rather they  
The peaceable with fraud pursue:

Who wry their mouths at me, and say,  
Ha, Ha! our eies thy ruine view.

*Lov.  
Pisc.*

This scene, O stand no longer mute;  
Nor, Lord, desert my innocence:

Awake, arise: O prosecute  
My Cause, and plead in my Defence.

With Iustice judge: nor let them say  
In triumph; We our wish possesse:

Nor in their mirthfull hearts, Ha, Ha!  
W' have swallow'd him in his distresse.

Wrath and confusion siese on those,  
Who in my tribulation joy:



Let them who glory in my woes,  
 Be cloth'd with shame and infamy.  
 Let those eternally rejoyce,  
 Who favour and assist my right;  
 For ever with exalted voice,  
 The goodnesse of our God recite:  
 And say, O magnifie his Name,  
 Who glories in his servants peace:  
 My tongue his justice shall proclaime,  
 Nor ever in his praises cease.

## P S. XXXVI.

**W**hen I the bold transgressor see,  
 My thoughts thus whisper unto me,  
 He never feard the Lord;  
 He smooths himselfe in his owne eies,  
 Till his secure impieties  
 Become of all abhorr'd.

Their words are vaine and full of guile;  
 They wisdom from their hearts exile;  
 Forsaken Vertue hate:  
 Who mischief on their beds contrive;  
 Through by-waies to bad ends arrive,  
 And vices, propagate.

Thy mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high;  
 And thy approv'd Fidelity  
 The lofty Skie transcends:  
 Thy justice like a Mountain steepe;

Thy

Thy Iudgments an unfathom'd Deepe;  
Who man and beast defends.

○ Lord, how precious is thy grace!  
The sonnes of men their comfort place  
Beneath thy shady wings:  
They with thy houshold dainties shall  
Be fully satisfi'd, and all  
Drink of thy pleasant Springs.

For O! from thee the Fountaine flows,  
Which endlesse life on thine bestowes;  
Inlightned with thy Light.  
On such as know thee shewre thy Grace;  
O let thy Iustice those embrace,  
Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of pride defeat;  
Nor such as are in mischief great  
My guiltlesse soule surprise.  
The workers of iniquity  
Are false like Meteors from the skie:  
Cast downe, no more to rise.

PS. XXXVII.

**V**Ex not thy selfe at the impiety  
Of wicked men, nor their fraile height envie:  
For they shall soone be mow'd, like Summers Hay;  
And as the verdure of the Herbe decay.

Trust thou in God; doe good, and long in peace  
Possesse the Land; refreshr by her increase.  
Be he thy sole delight; he shall inspire  
Thy raised thoughts, and grant thy hearts desire.  
Relie, and to his care thy waies commend,  
Who will produce them to a happy end.  
He shall thy justice like the light display,  
And make thy judgments as the height of Day.  
Rest on the Lord, and patiently attend  
His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,  
Because the wicked in their courses thrive,  
And prosperously at their desires arrive:  
Abstaine from anger, heady wrath eschew,  
Nor fret thou, lest ill deeds ill thoughts pursue.  
God will cut off the bad, the faithfull blesse,  
Who shall the ever fruitfull Land possesse.  
After a while th' unjust shall cease to be;  
Thou shalt his place consider, but not see.  
The meeke in heart shall reape the Lands increase,  
And solace in the multitude of peace.  
Against the godly wicked men conspire,  
Gnash their malicious teeth, and some with ire;  
But God shall laugh at their impiety;  
Because he knowes their day of Doome is nigh.  
They draw their bloody Swords, their Bowes are  
To kill the needy, poore, and innocent. (bent,  
But their proud hearts shall perish by the stroke  
Of their owne Steele, their Bowes asunder broke.  
That little which the righteous hath, excels  
Th' abundant wealth, wherein the wicked swels,  
For God the armes of violent men will breake:  
But shield the Righteous, and support the weake.

His

His eies behold the sufferings of the Poore:  
 Their firme possessions ever shall indure;  
 They in the time of danger shall not dread;  
 But shall in Famin's rage be fill'd with Bread.  
 When vicious men shall speedily decay,  
 And those who slight Iehovah, melt away  
 As fat of Lambs, which sacred Fires consume;  
 And forthwith vanish like the rising fume.  
 The Wicked borrow, never to restore:  
 The Iust are gracious and relieve the poore.  
 Whom God shall blesse, they shall the Land enjoy:  
 Whō God shall curse, them vengeance shall destroy.  
 The steps of Righteous men the Lord directs;  
 For he, even he their ordred paths affects;  
 Although they fall; yet fall, to rise againe:  
 For his, his care and powerfull hand sustaine.  
 I have beene young, am old; yet never saw  
 The Iust abandoned; nor those, who draw  
 From him their birth, with beggery oppress.  
 He lends in mercy, and his Seed are blest.  
 Doe good, shun evill; and remaine unmov'd:  
 For righteous Soules are of the Lord below'd:  
 His undeserted Saints protecting still;  
 Their Plants up-rooting, who transgresse his Will.  
 Iust men inherit shall the promis'd Land,  
 And dwell therein, while Mountaines stedfast stand.  
 The Righteous Soule of sacred Iudgment speakes,  
 And from his lips a spring of wisdom breakes:  
 Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;  
 Nor shall his Feet in slippery places slide.  
 Men seeke his bloud; but God defends; nor shall  
 He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.

Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgress;  
 And evermore this pregnant soile possesse.  
 But thole who in iniquity delight,  
 Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.  
 The Wicked I have seene in wealth to flow,  
 Exceed in power, and like a Laurell grow;  
 Yet vanish hence, as he had never beene;  
 I sought him, but he was not to be seene.  
 Observe the perfect, and the pure of heart;  
 They die in peace, and happily depart.  
 But the Vngodly are at once cut downe,  
 And perish without pity or renowne.  
 The Lord is the salvation of the Iust,  
 Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:  
 Will those assist, who on his aide depend;  
 Deliver, and from impious foes defend.

## P S. XXXVIII.

**N**ot in thy wrath against me rise;  
 Nor in thy fury, Lord, chastise:  
 Thy Arrowes wound,  
 Naile to the Ground;  
 Thy hand upon me lies.

No Limb from paine and anguish free;  
 Because I have incensed thee:

Nor rest can take,  
 My bones so ake;

Such sinne abounds in me.

Like Billowes they my head transcend;

Beneath



Beneath their heaui load I bend;  
My Vlcers swell,  
Corrupt, and smell;  
Of Folly the sad end.

Perplext in mind I pine away,  
And mourning wast the tedious day;  
My Flesh no more  
Then all one Sore;  
All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my strength o'rethrown;  
Through anguish of my Soul I grone.  
Lord, thou dost see  
My thoughts and mee;  
My Sighs to thee are known.

My sad Heart pants, my nerves relent,  
My Sight growes dim; and to augment  
My miseries,  
All my Allies  
And Friends themselves absent.

Who seeke my life, their Snares extend;  
Their wicked thoughts on Mischief bend:  
Calumniate,  
And lie in wait  
To bring me to my end.

But I as deaf to them appeare,  
As mute, as if I tonguelesse were:  
My passions rul'd,

Like

Like one that could  
At all nor speake nor heare,

Because my hopes on thee relie:  
My God, I said, O heare my crie;  
Lest they should boast,  
Who hate me most,  
And in my ruine joy.

For O ! I droop, with struggling spent:  
My thoughts are on my sorrows bent;  
My sinnes excesse  
I will confesse;  
In showres of teares repent.

My foes are full of strength and pride;  
Who causelesse hate, are multipli'd:  
Who good with ill  
Repay; would kill,  
Because I just abide.

Depart not, Lord; O pittie take!  
Nor me in my extremes forsake:  
Salvation  
Is thine alone;  
Hast to my succour make.

P S. XXXIX.

I said, I will my waies observe,  
Lest I should swerve:

With

With Bit and reines my Tongue keep in,

Too prone to Sin.

Nor to their calumnie reprie,

Who glorie in Impietie.

As like a Statue, silent stood,

Dumbe even to good:

My Sorrowes boyling in my brest

Exil'd my rest:

But when my heart incens'd with wrong

Grew hot, I gave my griefe a Tongue.

Of those few daies I have to spend,

And my last end,

Inform me, Lord; that I may so

My Frailty know.

My time is made short as a Span;

As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie;

Though thron'd on high;

Walks like a shadow, and in vain

Turmoils with pain:

He heaps up wealth with wretched care,

Yet knowes not who shall prove his Heire.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope

Of all my Hope:

Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,

Who trusts in thee:

Nor O subject me to the Rule,

And proud derision of a Foole!

With

With silence, since thy Will was such,  
I suffered much:

O now forbear! lest instant Death  
Force my faint breath.

When thou dost with thy Rod chastise  
Offending man, his courage dies,

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth  
Gnawn by the Moth:

Himselfe a short-lit'd vanitie,  
And borne to die.

Lord, to my Praises incline thine Eare;  
And thy afflicted Servant heare.

Nor these salt rivers of mine Eyes,  
My God, despise:

A Stranger, as my Fathers were,  
I sojourne here.

O let me gather strength, before  
I passe away, and be no more.

## P S. XL.

**F**OR God I patiently did look;  
He to my cries inclin'd his Eare;

And when invironed with feare,  
From that Abyss of Horror took:

Drew from the mud, and on a Rock  
Establisht, to indure the shock.

Then did into my mouth convey  
Songs of his Praise, unsung before.

Many

Many shall see, with feare adore;  
And trusting in th' Almighty, say,  
Who on the Lord depend, are blest;  
Who Liars, and the Proud detest.

Many, and full of wonder, are  
The Works, O Lord, which thou hast wrought:  
What thou to raise our joyes hast thought,  
O who in order can declare!  
Twere lost indeavour to expresse  
Their number, that are numberlesse.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings dost desire;  
But pierced hast thy Servants care:  
To thee Oblations are not deare,  
Nor Sacrifice consum'd with fire.  
Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it  
Is of me in thy Volume writ.

Thy Lawes are written in my Heart:  
My loy thy Pleasure to fulfill.  
I in the great Assembly still  
Thy Righteousnesse to all impart:  
My lips are unrestrain'd by me,  
Which, Lord, is onely known to thee.

Thy Iustice I have not conceal'd  
Within the closure of my brest:  
But thy Fidelity profest;  
And saving health at large reveal'd:  
Amidst the Congregation  
Thy constant Truth and Mercie shown.

Withdraw



Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd-for Aid;  
 With Truth and Mercie still inclose:  
 For O! innumerable woes  
 On every side my Soule invade;  
 So charged with Iniquities,  
 That they even blind my fearfull eyes.

In number they my haire exceed;  
 My fainting heart pants in my brest:  
 Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest;  
 And Lord deliver me with speed.  
 Let Shame at once confound them all,  
 That seek my Soule, and plot my fall.

Be they repulst with Infamie,  
 Who persecute with deadly hate;  
 Deservedly left desolate:  
 Who Ha, Ha! in derision crie.  
 Let all who seek thy Help, rejoice,  
 And praise thee with a cheerfull Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,  
 Still say; The Lord be magnifi'd!  
 Though I be poore, and cast aside;  
 Yet he regards me from above.  
 My Safety, my Deliverer,  
 No longer thy reliefe deferre.

P S. XLI.

**W**ho dulcely shall the Poore regard,  
 Hath his Reward:

The Lord in time of Trouble, shall  
Prevent his fall :  
He shall among the Living rest,  
And with the Earths increase be blest.

Lord, render him not up to those,  
Who are his Foes :  
When he in sorrow languisheth,  
Neere unto Death ;  
Let him by thee be comforted,  
And in his Sicknesse make his bed.

I said, O Lord, thy Mercie show,  
And Health bestow ;  
For O ! my Soule the lothsome staines  
Of Sin reteines.  
My Foes have said, When shall he die,  
And yet outlive his Memorie ?

If any visit, they devise  
Deceitfull Lies :  
Their hollow Hearts with Mischief load,  
Divulg'd abroad :  
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,  
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment  
From Heaven is sent :  
He, from the bed whereon he lies,  
Shall never rise.  
Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,  
My Guest, his heele against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercies implore;

My Health restore:

O raise me! that forthwith I may

Their Hate repay.

In this thy Love thou dost expresse,

That none triumph in my distresse.

For thou art of my Innocence

The strong Defence.

I shall, inlight'ned by thy Grace,

Behold thy Face.

Iehovah, Israels God, be blest;

While Day and Night the World invert.

*Amen. Amen.*

**A PAR**

A PARAPHRASE VPON THE  
SECOND BOOKE OF  
THE PSALMES OF  
DAVID.

PSALM. XLII.

**L**ord! as the Hart inboist with heat  
Braies after the coole rivuler:  
So Sighs my Soule for thee.  
My Soule thirsts for the living God:  
When shall I enter his Abode,  
And there his Beautie see!

Teares are my Food both night and day;  
While, Where's thy God? they daily say.  
My Soule in plaints I shed;  
When I remember, how in throngs  
We fill'd thy House with Praise and Songs;  
How I their Dances led.

My Soul, why art thou so deprest?  
Why O! thus troubled in my brest,  
With Grief so overbrowne?  
With constant Hope on God await:  
I yet his Name shall celebrate,  
For Mercie timely shown?

My fainting Heart within me pants:  
My God, consider my Complaints;

My Songs shall praise thee still,  
 Even from the Vale where Iordan flows;  
 Where Hermon his high Fore-head shoves,  
 From Mitsars humble Hill.

Deep unto Deep in rage call,  
 When thy darke Spouts of waters fall,  
 And dreadful Tempest raves:  
 For all thy Flouds upon me burst,  
 And billowes after billowes thrust  
 To swallow in their Graves.

But yet by Day the Lord will charge  
 His ready Mercie to enlarge  
 My Soule, surpris'd with cares:  
 He gives my Songs their Argument:  
 God of my life, I will present  
 By night to thee my praises:

And say; my God, my Rock, O why  
 Am I forgot, and mourning die,  
 By Foes reduc'd to Dust!  
 Their words like weapons pierce my bones;  
 While still they Echo to my Groans,  
 Where is the Lord thy Trust?

My Soule, why art thou so deprest!  
 O why so troubled in my brest!  
 Sunk underneath thy Load!  
 With constant Hope on God await:  
 For I his Name shall celebrate,  
 My Saviour, and my God.



PS. XLIII.

**M**Y God, thy Servant vindicate:  
 O plead my Cause against their hate,  
 Who seeke my utter spoile!  
 Deliver from the Mercilesse,  
 Who with bold Injuries oppresse,  
 And prosper in their guile.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord.  
 Why like to one by thee abhorr'd  
 Dost thou my Soule expose!  
 Why wander I in black araid!  
 My body worn, my mind dismayd!  
 Pursu'd by cruell Foes!

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend;  
 Let them into my Soule descend,  
 Conducted by their light;  
 Conducted to thy holy Hill,  
 And House blest with thy Presence still;  
 There to injoy thy sight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring  
 An acceptable Offering,  
 That dost such loies afford:  
 Thereon a tunefull Instrument,  
 With Songs that joine in sweet concens,  
 Thy sacred praise record.

My Soul, why art thou so deprest!

F 2

Why

Why O thus troubled in my brest;  
 Sunk underneath thy load;  
 With constant hope on God await;  
 For I his Name shall celebrate,  
 My Saviour and my God.

## P S. XLIV.

**L**ord! we have heard our Fathers tell  
 The Wonders wrought by thee of old,  
 To them by their great Grandfathers told;  
 How by thy Hand the Heathen fell;

Of fruitfull Canaan dispossess,  
 And Israel planted in their roome;  
 They perisht by a fearfull Doom,  
 While ours in growth and strength increast.

Not their owne Swords that pleasant Land  
 Did conquer, and their Foes eject;  
 Nor did their armes their lives protect:  
 It was thy Arme and powerfull Hand;

It was the Splendor of thy Face;  
 And by thy Favour they o'recame.  
 My King, my God, O still the same!  
 Salvation send to Iacobs Race.

For by thy Aid our Enemies  
 Lay bleeding on the stained gro un;

And

And in thy Name we did confound  
Who ever durst against us rise.

Our Sword's unable to defend;  
We will not trust in our weak Bowes.

Thou, Lord, hast sav'd us from our Foes,  
And brought them to a shamefull end.

For this with praises wee adore,  
And ever celebrate thy Name;  
But now thou cast's us off to shame,  
Nor lead'st our Armies as before:

Our faces from our Foes reverst;  
A Spoile to such as hunt for blood:  
Thou giv'st us up as Sheep for food,  
Among th' Vncircumcis'd dispers't:

For nought thou dost thy People sell,  
Nor art enriched by their price;  
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoyce;  
A scorn to all that near us dwell:

A By-word to the Heathen grown,  
Who shake their heads in our disgrace.  
My shame is still before my face;  
My eyes to Earth with blushes thrown;

Sprung from the bold Blasphemers taunt;  
And proud Avengers threatening look:  
Yet, Lord, we have not thee forsot,  
Nor falsify'd thy Covenants.

Our hearts have not their Faich dissolv'd;  
 Our Steps the Path prescribed keep:  
 Though thou hast crusht us in the Deep,  
 And with the shades of Death involv'd.

For should we from the Lord depart,  
 Or to strange Gods our hands upreare,  
 O would not this to him appeare,  
 Who knowes the Secret of our Heart?

Yet for thy sake are daily slain;  
 For slaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheep.  
 Awake, O Lord, why dost thou sleep?  
 Rise, nor for ever us disdain.

O to thy own at length return!  
 Why dost thou hide thy chearfull face?  
 With-drawing thy accustom'd Grace  
 From such as in affliction mourn?

For lo! our Soules, are wrapt in dust;  
 Our bellies to the Centre cleave,  
 O, for thy Mercies sake receive,  
 And succour those who in thee trust!

P S. XLV.

**W**ith hear divine inspir'd, I sing  
 A Panegyrick to the King;  
 High Raptures in a numerous stile  
 I with a ready Pen compile.

Much

Much fairer then our Human Race;  
 Whose lips like Fountaines flow with Grace.  
 For this the Lord thy Soule shall blesse  
 With everlasting happinesse.

Gird, O most Mightie, on thy Thigh  
 Thy Sword of Awe and Majestie:  
 In triumph, arm'd with Truth ride on;  
 By Clemencie and Iustice drawne,  
 No mortall vigour shall withstand  
 The fury of thy dreadfull Hand.

Thy piercing Arrowes in the Kings  
 Opposers hearts shall dye their wings.  
 Thy Throne no waste of Time decays;  
 Thy Scepter sacred Iustice swaies.  
 Thou Virtue lov'st; but hast abhorr'd  
 Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord  
 Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed  
 The Oile of Ioy upon thy head.

Thy Garments, which in Grace excell,  
 Of Aloes, Myrrhe, and Cassia smell;  
 Brought from the Ivorie Palaces;  
 Which more then other Odors please  
 Kings Daughters to augment thy State,  
 Among the noble Damsels wait.

*Ms. f.* The Queen inthron'd on thy Right hand,  
 Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden Sand.  
 Hark Daughter, and by me be taught;  
 Thy Countrey banish from thy thought,  
 Thy House and Family forget,  
 His Ioy upon thy Beauty set.  
 He is thy Lord; O bow before,  
 And him eternally adore!



The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre  
 Shall bring their Purple, and desire  
 (Even they whom wealth and Honour grace)  
 To see the sweetnesse of thy Face,  
 Her mind all Beauries doth infold;  
 Her faire limbs clad in purfled Gold,  
 She shall unto the King be brought,  
 In Robes with Phrygian Needle wrought:  
 VVhile Virgins on her train attend,  
 VVhose Faith and Friendship know no end:  
 VVhom they with Ioy shall leade along;  
 Eterniz'd in a Nuptiall Song;  
 And with renew'd Applauses bring  
 Vnto the Palace of the King.  
 Thou in thy royall Fathers place,  
 Of Sonnes shalt see a numerous Race;  
 VVho over all the Earth shall sway,  
 VVhile the cleere Sunne directs the Day,  
 My Song shall celebrate thy Name,  
 And to the world divulge thy Fame.

## P S. XLVI.

**G**od is our Refuge, our strong Tower;  
 Securing by his mightie Power,  
 VVhen Dangers threaten to deuoure.

Thus arm'd, no feares shall chill our blood;  
 Though Earth no longer stedfast stood,  
 And shook her Hills into the Flood:

Although the troubled Ocean rise

In foaming billowes to the Skies;  
And Mountains shake with horrid noise,

Cleare streames purle from a Cry Hall Spring,  
Which gladnesse to Gods City bring,  
The Mansion of th' eternall King.

He in her Centre takes his place:  
VWhat Foe can her faire Towers deface,  
Protected by his early Grace?

Tumultuary Nations rose,  
And armed troops our walls inclose;  
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;  
The God by Iacob magnifi'd;  
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd,

Come, see the wonders he hath wrought;  
VWho hath to desolation brought  
Those Kingdoms, which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive VVarrs surcease;  
The Earth deflowr'd of her Increase  
Restores with universall Peace.

He breaks their Bowes, unarmes their Quivers,  
The bloody Speare in pieces shivers,  
Their Chariots to the Flame delivers.

Forbeare, and know that I the Lord

VVill

Will by all Nations be ador'd;  
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;  
The God by Iacob magnifi'd;  
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

## P S. XLVII.

**L** Et all in sweet accord  
Clap Hands, their Voices raise,  
In honour of the Lord;  
And loudly sing his praise:  
Who from above,  
Dire Lightning flings:  
The King of kings;  
Of all that move.

Whole Nations of our Foes  
Beneath our Feet hath throwne:  
A faire Possession chose,  
For us that are his Owne:  
The dignity  
Of Israel;  
Belov'd so well  
By the most High.

In Triumph God ascends,  
With Trumpet shrill, and Shalmes:  
Praise him, who his defends;  
O praise our King with Psalmes!

For God is King  
Of all the Earth;  
With Sacred mirth  
His Praises sing.

God o're the Heathen reignes;  
Sits on his holy Throne:  
All whom the Earth susteines,  
Shall worship him alone.  
His Shield extends  
In their Defence;  
His Excellence  
All height transcends.

## P. S. XLVIII.

**T**He Lord is most Majestickall;  
Most highly to be prais'd by all,  
Within the City of our God,  
And Mansion blest by his abode.  
Faire Zion hath a pleasant site,  
Of Earth the Beauty and Delight:  
Vpon the North-side bordering,  
The City of the mighty King.  
God dwels within her lofty Towers;  
Secur'd from all assailing Powers.  
Conspiring Kings her ruine sought;  
Who armed Troupes before her brought.  
At once they saw, admir'd, and fled;  
Their hearts surpris'd with sodaine Dread.  
Such feare, such pangs possess our foes;  
As women suffer in their Throwes.

At

At thy command black Eurys roars,  
 And spreads his wracks on Tharſian ſhores.  
 We, what we heard our Fathers tell,  
 Have ſcene who in this Citie dwell;  
 The Citie of our God, which hee  
 Shall ever from deſtruction free.  
 Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankſaſneſſe  
 We in thy Temple ſtill profeſſe.  
 As is thy Name, thou God of might,  
 So are thy Praises infinite,  
 And ſtretch to Earths remotest bound:  
 Thy Hand for juſtice farre renown'd:  
 O Sion, Iudah's Diadem,  
 You Daughters of Ieruſalem,  
 Vnite your loyes, and glorie in  
 His Iudgement, which your eyes have ſcene.  
 Goe walk the Round of Sion; tell  
 Her Towers; obſerve her Bulwarks well:  
 On her faire Buildings caſt thine eye;  
 Declare it to Poſteritie.  
 For God will ſtill our God remaine,  
 And us unto our Laſt ſuſtaine.

## P S. XLIX.

3 **A**ll you who dwell upon the foodfull Earth;  
 Both Rich and Poore; of baſe and noble birth,  
 Attend: my Tongue deep wiſdome ſhall impart;  
 And knowledge from the fountaine of my heart,  
 I untolight dark Parables will bring,  
 And to my ſolemn Harp Enigmæ ſing.



In Misery and Age why should I feare,  
VVhen Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws neare?  
O you who Riches as your God adore,  
And glory in your scarce possessed store;  
VVho can redeeme his Brother for one Day,  
Or to the Lord his high-pris'd ransome pay?  
For O, not all the Gold, which Streames conceale,  
Or Hills inclose, can banisht life repeale,  
That he might live unto Eternity,  
Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrailes lie.  
They see the VVise and Fooles to Death descend,  
VVhile others their congested treasures spend:  
Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,  
Proud structures raise, and call them by their name.  
But Man in honour is a Vanitie,  
That fleets away, and as a Beast must die.  
In this vaine course, they circularly move,  
And their Posterity their words approve,  
Death shall as Sheep devour them in the Dust;  
Till that great Day subiect them to the Iust.  
Their Strength and Beaurty shall to nothing wast;  
All naked, from their sumptuous houses cast.  
But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre  
My Soule redeeme, and to his loyes preferre.  
Despasse not, when a man growes opulent,  
And that the Glories of his House augment:  
For with his thread of Life his Riches end;  
Nor shall his Honours with his Soule descend,  
Though here he live in luxurie and ease;  
And those are prais'd, who their own Genius please;  
Yet as his Fathers, he shall set in Night;  
Nor ever rise to see the cheerfull Light.

Man

Man high in honour, whose ignoble brest  
No knowledge holds, shall perish like a beast.

## P S. L.

**T**He God of gods, Ichovah, shall convent  
All from the Orient to the Sunnes descent.  
From Sions Towers (of Beaury the Divine  
And full Perfection) shall his Glory shine.  
Nor silent comes: devouring flames before,  
And round about him horrid Tempests rore.  
The righteous Iudge, to judge his People, shall  
High Heaven and conscious Earth to witnesse call:  
Assemble all my Saints, who with one mind  
My Testaments with Sacrifice have sign'd.  
Then thundring Skies shall make his Iustice knowne;  
When he our God ascends his Iudgements Throne.  
My People, heare; Thy God, O Israel,  
Will thee convince, and thy Transgressions tell.  
I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,  
Nor fumes, which rarely from my Altars rise:  
I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steere,  
Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that yeare:  
For all are mine, that Woods or Deserts breed,  
And Herds which on a thousand mountains feed:  
I know all Fowl, which Hills or Valleys yield,  
And number all the Cattell of the Field.  
Will I, if hungry, unto thee complain,  
When all is mine which Sea and Land containe?  
Will I eat flesh of Bulls? or canst thou think,  
That I the blood of shaggy Goats will drink?

A thankfull

A thankfull heart upon my Altar lay;  
 And righteous vowes to high Iehovah pay.  
 Then call on me in trouble; I will raise (praise)  
 Thy Soule from Death, and thou my Name shalt  
 But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'st thou explaine  
 My Laws? My Covenants with thy lips prophane?  
 That scorn'st instruction; dost my Word despise;  
 Consent'st with Theeves, and hast adulterous eies?  
 Deceit, and Slander tip thy impious tongue:  
 Thy brother woundst with Infamy and Wrong.  
 Thus didst thou; this did I with silence see;  
 So as thou thought'st, that I was like to thee.  
 But I will thy Hypocrisie uncase;  
 And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.  
 Consider this, O you, who God neglect:  
 Lest I destroy you, when none can protect.  
 Who praise for Incense offer, honour me:  
 And upright Soules shall my Salvation see.

## P S. L I.

**L**ord, to a sinner Mercy show:  
 Which since in thee so infinite;  
 Let all thy streames of Mercy flow,  
 And purifie me in thy sight.  
 O wash thou my polluted Soule!  
 O cleanse me from my bloody Deed!  
 That to my selfe appeare so foule;  
 And now in true Contrition bleed.  
 My sinnes, unmask'd, before thee lie;  
 Who have deserv'd thy wrath alone:  
 Which

Which I confesse, to testifie  
Thy Truth, and make thy Justice knowne.  
In sinne conceiv'd, brought forth in sin;  
Sin suckt I from my mothers brest:  
Thou lov'st a heart sincere within,  
Where Wisdom is a constant guest.  
With Hylope purge from blemish cleare;  
O wash, then falling Snow more white.  
Lord, let me thy remission heare.  
The Bones, which thou hast broke, unite.  
Blot out my crimes; O separate  
My trembling guilt far from thy view!  
A cleane heart in my brest create;  
A mind, to thee Confirm'd, renew.  
Nor cast me from thy presence, Lord;  
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!  
But thy life-quickenning Grace afford;  
Inlarge my will t' embrace thy Law.  
Then sinners I with heavenly Food  
Will feed, directed in thy waies:  
O my Redeemer, cleanse from blood  
The Soule, that will thy mercie praise.  
Give thou my Verse an argument;  
And they thy goodnesse shall resound.  
No Sacrifice will thee content;  
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.  
Else, I would Hecatombs impart:  
True sorrow is thy Sacrifice;  
A broken and a contrite heart,  
My God, thou never wilt despise.  
Thy Sion with accustom'd Grace  
(Lest my soule crimes her shame procure)

In thy protecting armes embrace;  
 And faire Ierusalem immune.  
 Then we with due solemnity  
 To thee our gratefull vowes will pay;  
 And Bulls, which never Yoke did try,  
 Vpon thy flaming Altar lay.

## P S. LII.

**O** thou in Mischiefe great,  
 Why boasts thou in deceit?

Gods greater Mercy will  
 Protect his Servants still.

Thy tongue with Fraud abounds,  
 And like a Razor wounds;

All evill dost affect;  
 All that is good neglect.

Lies are thy low delight;

To Vertue opposite:

Thy words with treachery

The innocent destroy.

God shall repay thy hate;

Thy Structures ruinate;

And make thee curse thy birth:

Then teare thee from the Earth.

The Iust thy fall shall see,

Feare Him, and laugh at thee.

Lo he, who God forooke,

Nor for his refuge tooke;

Self-strengthening with excess

Of Wealth, and Wickednes.

But I shall planted be,



Like a greene Olive-tree  
 In Gods owne House; and will  
 Trust in his Mercies still.  
 For this, I evermore  
 Shall thy great Name adore;  
 Thy Promises expect;  
 The joy of thy Elect.

## PS. LIII.

**F**Ooles flattering their owne vices, say  
 Within their hearts; God is a Name  
 Devis'd to make the Strong obey;  
 To fetter Nature; quench her flame:  
 When all this Vniuersall frame  
 The hands of potent Fortune sway.

Secure and prosperous in ill,  
 The feare and thought of God exile,  
 To follow their rebellious will;  
 Thinke nothing that delights them vile:  
 Their Soules with wicked thoughts defile;  
 And all their foule Desires fulfill.

God from the Tower of Heaven his eyes  
 On men and their endeavours threw:  
 Not one beheld beneath the Skies,  
 That sought him, or his Statutes knew:  
 All vice with winged Feet pursue;  
 But none forsaken Vertue prise.

O deafe to good! in knowledge blind!

By sinne through clouds of error led !  
 Dull sensuall Forimes, without a mind !  
 Nor slow, though certaine, Vengeance dread !  
 The Righteous they deuoure like bread;  
 All piety at once declin'd.

These, idle terrors shall affright;  
 Their sleepes disturb'd by guilty feare.  
 God shall their Bones asunder smite;  
 Who impious Armes against him beare;  
 Nor they their infamy outweare;  
 Since despicable in his sight.

O that unto thy Israel  
 The Day-starre might from Sion spring!  
 And all the shades of Night expell!  
 When thou shalt us from Bondage bring,  
 How would we Lord thy Praises sing!  
 No joy should Jacobs joy excell.

## P S. LIV.

**L**ord, for thy promise sake defend,  
 And thy Al-sauing shield extend:

O heare my cries,  
 Which with wet Eies  
 And sighs to thee ascend!

For cruell men my life pursue;  
 And who thy Statutes never knew.

Suppress my Foes:  
O side with those,  
Who to my Soule are true!

With vengeance recompense their hate;  
And in an instant ruinate.

Then will I bring  
My Offering,  
And thy great acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praised be;  
Who from those snares hast set me free:

For loe, these eies  
My Enemies  
Desir'd subversion see.

P S. LV.

**L**ord, to my Praises incline thine Eare;  
Th' afflicted heare:  
Nor be thou Deafe to my complaint;  
For O I faint!

Regard the sighes, the grones, the cries,  
Which from my penfive Soule arise,

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,  
Which storm-like grow;  
And by blood-thirsty Violence;

Truth my offence:  
Who slander with their wounding tongues,  
And presse me unto Death with wrongs.

My

My heart, a stranger unto rest,

Throbs in my breast.

The terrours of approaching Death

Exhaust my breath,

My sinews trembling scarce dissolves,

And horror all my Powers involves.

O that with Dove-like wings I might

Take my swift flight,

To calme Retreats of rest, where I

Conceal'd might lie!

Then would I finde some Wilderneffe,

Removed farre from mans access.

Then all these Tempests, which arise

With hideous noise;

And with their Dreadfull tumults make

My Heart to quake;

I would, far swifter then the Wind,

Or winged Lightnings, leave behind.

Lord, swallow those, who swell with pride;

Their Tongues divide:

For strife, and violence, bent to kill,

The City fill:

Both Day and Night they walke the Round;

Rape, Mischiefe, Teares within abound.

Wild Outrages her streets profane,

And boldly Reigne:

Fraud lurking in her Palaces,

Conspire with these.

For I, had he his hate profest,  
Had shunn'd, or should his wrongs digest.

But thou, my Friend, even of my heart

The better part;

To so intire a union growne,

As if but one:

Gods House we daily visited,

Both sweetly by one Counsell led.

Let Death devour them; let them dive

To Hell alive.

With mischief their proud rooves abound;

Their hearts unsound:

But God my Soule shall disenthral;

For I upon his Name will call.

My praises shall with the Suns uprise,

Ascend the Skies;

Renew'd, when he at Noone displaies

His fervent Raies;

When he behind the Earth descends,

And Day, out-worne with labour, ends;

My cries shall penetrate the Sphears,

And pierce his Eares.

He shall my captiv Soule release,

And crowne with Peace.

For in the Fervor of the fight,

His Angels shall protect my Right.

Th' eternall Iudge, Iehovah, shall

Confound

Pist.  
Ler.  
Mol.



Confound them all;  
 Who onely change from bad to worse,  
 Nor feare his Curse:  
 Sweet Peace he violated hath,  
 And broken his obliged Faith.

His words then Butter smoother farre;  
 His thoughts of Warre:  
 Words softer then the fluent Oile;  
 Yet bent to Spoile.  
 But thou, my Soule, thy cares impose  
 On God, who will redresse thy woes.

The Iust he shall confirme with joy;  
 Th' unjust destroy.  
 Those who in bloud and fraud delight,  
 Shall set in Night,  
 Before their Noone of life be past.  
 But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

## PS. LVI.

**O** Lord, prote& me by thy Power  
 From such as would my life devour;  
 Who mercileffe  
 Strive to oppresse;  
 Nor grant me Truce one hower.

That would deuoure me every Day,  
 And make my chased life their pray:  
 Yet, Lord, will I  
 On thee relie.

When dangers most dismay.

Thy promise I will celebrate;  
In constant hope thy pleasure wait;  
With patience beare  
Thy stay; nor feare  
Fraile man, or his vaine hate.

My words and deeds they daily wrest,  
And in their thoughts my fall Digest;  
Vnite in ill,  
And lurke to kill:  
My Feet can finde no rest.

O shall they with impunity  
Escape, and thus their sins enjoy!  
Let Death thy rage  
Alone assuage;  
Them in their guilt destroy.

My wanderings thou hast numbered;  
Even every teare mine Eies have shed  
Thy Viall holds:  
All in the Folds  
Of thy large Volume read.

Assur'd, that when on God I call,  
My Foes shall by his Fury fall.

His promise I  
Will magnifie;  
His Truth divulge to all.

To him my ready Vowes will pay;  
My Vowes of Thanks, both night and day:  
In whom I trust:  
Nor shall th' Vnjust  
My stedfast Hopes dismay.

For he hath snatcht me from the Night  
Of Death, and kept my foot upright:  
That I may still  
Observe his Will,  
And see the cheerfull Light.

PS. LVII.

O Thou, from whom all Mercie springs,  
Compassionate my Sufferings;  
And pitty me,  
That trust in thee!  
O shelter with thy shadie Wings,  
Vntill these stormes of Woe  
Cleare up, or overblow!

Thee I invoke, O thou most high,  
Thou All-performer! from the Skie  
Thy Angels send;  
Let them defend  
My Soule from him that would destroy:  
O send thy Mercie downe;  
With Truth thy Promise crowne!

For Salvage Lions girt me round;

And

And they whose Malice knowes no bound;  
 Their cruell Words  
 More sharp then Swords;  
 Their Teeth like Speares and Arrowes wound,  
 To Heaven thy Glorie raise;  
 Let Earth resound thy Praise.

They subtile snares prepared have,  
 And bow'd my Soule even to the Grave:  
 With wicked wit  
 Have digg'd a pit,  
 From which themselves they could not save:  
 But justly fell therein,  
 Intrap by their owne sin.

My raviisht Heart flames with desire;  
 I to the Musicke of my Lyre,  
 Eternall King,  
 Thy Praise will sing.  
 Awake my Glory! Zeale inspire!  
 Awake my Harp and Lute,  
 Nor in his Praise be mute!

To thee, before the Morning rise,  
 My lips their calves shall sacrifice:  
 Thy Mercie farre  
 The highest Starre,  
 Thy Truth transcends the lofty Skies,  
 To Heaven thy Glory raise;  
 Let Earth resound thy Praise.

## P s. LVIII.

**P**ernicious Counsellors! Give you  
Sincere advise to Justice true?  
Or Virtue but in show pursue?

Your Hearts are still on Mischief bent;  
Your Hands impure and violent;  
Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly stray;  
Borne, and perverted in one day;  
Lie, slander, flatter, and betray:

Like Serpents with black poyson swell;  
And charm th' Inchanter ne're so well;  
More deaf then Asps, his Charms repell.

Lord, stir their Tongues, before they speak;  
Strike out their Teeth, which tear the Weak;  
And the young Lions grinders break.

As Sun-bear Snow, so let them thaw;  
And when their weakned Bowes they draw,  
Let their crackt Arrowes slip like straw.

Let them like Snail's consume away;  
And as untimely Births decay,  
Which never saw the cheerfull Day.

Before



Before their pots can feeble the brier,  
 God in the Whirl-wind of his Ire,  
 Shall blast alive, and burn with fire.

Sinne with Revenge at length shall meet;  
 The Godly shall rejoyce to see't;  
 And in their blood shall wash their feet.

Then erring Mortals shall confesse,  
 There are Rewards for Righteousnesse,  
 And Plagues for such as doe transgresse.

## P S. LIX.

**L**ord, save me from mine Enemies;  
 From those, who thus against me rise,  
 Like an incensed Flood:  
 From those, who in Impietie  
 Place their delight, and long to dye  
 Their hands in guiltlesse blood.

Lo! for my Soule they lie in waite;  
 The Mighty joine in powre and hate,  
 Without my blame or crime.  
 Without my crime they weapons take;  
 And persecute my Soule. Awake  
 My God! assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of Israel,  
 These all-oppressing Tyrants quell;  
 Nor be to Mercie won:  
 At night their mischief they begin;

Incens

Incenſt like ſnarling Dogs they grin,  
And through the Citie run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;  
Between their lips they brandiſh ſwords;  
Yet ſay; Can theſe be knowne?  
But, Lord, thou ſhalt their threats deride;  
The empty terrour of their Pride  
And Malice, vainly ſhown.

I and my ſtrength are in thy Power.  
In thee I truſt, my Shield! my Tower!  
Thy Mercie, Lord, how great!  
My Foes ſubjecteſt to my will:  
Subdue, and ſcatter; but not kill,  
Leſt we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride ſurpris'd!  
Even for the Lies they have devis'd,  
Their curſes, and cloſe arts.  
Conſume them, from the Land expell:  
To ſhew, God reigns in Iſrael,  
To Earths remotest parts.

Hopeleſſe let them return with Night,  
Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite;  
About the City come:  
Pale, meager, and halfe famiſhed;  
Like vagabonds howle they for bread;  
Without or food or home.

But I, before the Day-ſtar ſpring,

Will

Will of thy Power and Mercie sing;  
 My Safety in distresse.  
 Thou art my Rock, my strong Defence;  
 My living Verse thy Excellence  
 And Bounty shall expresse.

## P S. LX.

**C**ast off, and scattered in thine Ire:  
 Lord on our woes with pity look.  
 The Lands inforc'd foundations shook;  
 Whose yawning ruptures Sights expire.  
 O cure the breaches thou hast rent,  
 And make her firmly permanent!

Our Souls thou hast with sorrow fed;  
 And mad'st us drink of deadly Wine:  
 Yet now thy Ensignes giv'st to Thine,  
 Even when beset with trembling dread;  
 That we thy Banner may display,  
 Whil'st Truth to conquest makes our way.

O heare us, who thy Aid implore:  
 Lord, with thy own Right hand defend;  
 To thy Beloved succour send,  
 God by his Sanctity thus swore;  
 I Succorbs Valley will divide;  
 In Shechems Spoiles be magnif'd:

Mine Gilead is, Manassch mine;  
 Ephraim my strength, in bartell bold;  
 Thou Iudah shalt my Scepter hold:

I will

I will triumph on Palestine;  
 Base Servitude shall Moab waste;  
 O're Edom I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troups direct,  
 To Rabbah strongly fortifi'd?  
 Or into sandie Edom guide?  
 Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,  
 Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,  
 Now leade our Host against the Foe?

O then, when Dangers most affright,  
 Doe thou our troubled Souls sustain!  
 For loe! the help of Man is vain.  
 Through thee we valiantly shall fight:  
 Our flying Foes thou shalt tread down;  
 And Thine with wreaths of Conquest crown.

## P S. LXI.

**M**Y God, thy Servant heare;  
 O lend a willing care!  
 In exile my sad heart,  
 From Earths remotest part,  
 O'rewhelm'd with Miseries,  
 To thee for succour cries.  
 To that High Rock O leade,  
 So farre above my head!  
 That wert, and art my Tower,  
 Against oppressing power.

For

For to thy sacred Court  
 I ever shall resort;  
 Secure beneath thy wings,  
 From all their menacings:  
 Even thou my suit hast sign'd;  
 A King by thee design'd,  
 To govern such as will  
 Thy holy Law fulfill.  
 Whom thou long life wilt give;  
 He Ages shall outlive;  
 His Throne shall stand before  
 Thy Face for evermore.  
 Thy Mercie, Lord, extend;  
 Him for thy Truth defend.  
 Then I in chearfull Layes  
 Will celebrate thy praise;  
 And to thee every day  
 My Vowes devoutly pay.

## P S. LXII.

**L**ord, thou art the only Scope  
 Of my never-fainting Hope;  
 My Salvation, my Defence,  
 Refuge of my Innocence:  
 Thou the Rock I build upon,  
 Not by man to be o'rethrown.  
 How long will you machinate!  
 Persecute with causlesse hate!  
 You shall like a rattering wall,  
 Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.



All conspire to cast me downe;  
From my brows to reare my Crown :  
Full of fraud, they blesse in show,  
When their Thoughts with curses flow.  
Yet my Soule on God attends;  
All my Hope on him depends :  
He the Rock I built upon,  
Not by man to be o'rethrowne.  
He my Glory, he my Tower,  
Guards me by his saving Power.  
You, who are sincere and just,  
In the Lord for ever trust :  
Poure your Hearts before his Throne ;  
His, who can protect alone.  
All that are of high Descent,  
To the Poore and Indigent,  
Nothing are but Vanitie;  
Nothing but deceive and lie :  
Balanc'd, altogether they  
Lighter then a Vapour weight.  
In Oppression trust thou not ;  
Nor in Wealth by rapine got :  
If thy Riches multiply,  
See thou prize them not too high.  
God said once ; twice have I heard ;  
Power is his, by him conferr'd :  
His is Mercie ; he rewards,  
And, as we deserve, regards.

## PS. LXIII.

**T**O thee, O God, my God, I pray,  
 Before the dawning of the Day.  
 My Soule and wasting flesh,  
 With thirstie ardor thee desire,  
 In Soiles scorcht with æthereall fire,  
 Whose drought no showres refresh:

That in thy Sanctuarie I  
 May see thy Power and Majestie,  
 Once more with ravisht eyes:  
 My lips shall celebrate thy Praise;  
 Thy Goodnesse more then length of daies  
 Or life it selfe I prise.

Extoll'd while I have utterance:  
 To thee will I my Palmes advance;  
 That wilt with marrow feast.  
 My Verse thy Wonders shall recite;  
 Remembred in the silent Night,  
 As on my Bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,  
 I will in sacred raptures sing:  
 And to thy promise cleave.  
 Thy Hand upholds; but who with hate  
 My Soule seek to precipitate  
 Hells entrails shall receive.

The raging Sword shall shed their blood;

A prey

A prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.  
 Yet God his King shall blesse:  
 And such as sweare by his great Name.  
 But those, whose Tongues the Iust defame;  
 Confusion shall suppress:

PS. LXIV.

**T**Hou great Protector, heare my Crie;  
 Save from my dreadfull Enemie.

O vindicate  
 From their close hate,  
 Who for my Soule in ambush lie.  
 From their blind Rage protect,  
 Who Truth and thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more sharp then swords;  
 Their Ar rows draw, even bitter words;  
 To wound th' Vpright,  
 With fierce delight,  
 When Time to their desire accords;  
 Then on a suddain shoor;  
 Nor feare divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilfull Malice; they  
 Conspire, their Nets in secret lay;  
 And say, What eye  
 Can this descric?  
 First counsil take, and then betray;  
 On Mischief set their hearts,  
 Pursu'd by wicked arts.

But God shall let his Arrowes flie;  
 Wound in the twinckling of an eye;  
     Each deadly stung  
     By his own Tongue,  
 Shall with that farall poyson die.  
     Who this behold, or heare,  
     Shall tremble with cold feare.

Men shall their eyes with wonder raise,  
 Rehearse his Deeds, and sing his Praise.  
     Eternitie  
     Shall crown their Ioy,  
 Who walk in his prescribed waies.  
     He to the Pure of heart  
     His Glory shall impart.

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**D**Ve Honours, Lord, on thee attend,  
 Where Sions sacred Towers ascend:  
 There thy devoted Israelites  
 Shall pay their Vowes with solemn Rites.  
 To thee shall all Mankind repaire,  
 Since thou vouchsaf'st to heare our Praire.  
 Our Sinnes thy Mercies expiate,  
 When burthen'd with their loathed waight.  
 Thrice happy he, of whom thou mak'st  
 Thy choice; and to thy service tak'st;  
 That may within thy Courts reside;  
 There with thy goodnesse satisf'd;  
 And tast of that sincere delight,  
 Which never cloyes the Appetite.

From

From thee, O God, our safety springs;  
Thy Iudgement threatens dreadfull things.  
Their Hope, whom Soiles remote sustein;  
Who stote upon the toiling Maine.  
Great is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,  
Cloud-touching Mountains stedfast stand.  
Thou with thy Scepter dost appease  
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas:  
And the tumultuary jarres  
Of People breathing blood and warres.  
Who dwell upon the Earth's confines,  
They tremble at thy fearfull Signes.  
Where first the Sun his beame displaies;  
And where he sets his golden Raies,  
They triumph in the fruits of Peace;  
Inriched by the Earth's increase.  
He Raine upon her bosom poures;  
His swelling clouds abound with shoures:  
And so prepares the lusty Soile  
To recompense the Reapers toile.  
Mellowes the Glebe with farning juice,  
Whose furrowes hopefull blades produce:  
With plenty crowns the smiling years,  
Shed from the influence of the Sphears:  
The Desert with sweet claver fills;  
And richly shades the joyfull Hills.  
Flocks cover all the higher Plain:  
The ranker Valleyes cloth'd with grain.  
These in abundance solacing,  
Without a tongue thy Praises sing.



## P S. LXVI.

**H**appy Sonnes of Israel,  
 Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,  
 Fill the aire with shouts of Ioy;  
 Shouts redoubled from the Skie.  
 Sing the great Iehovah's Praise;  
 Trophees to his Glory raise;  
 Say; How wonderfull thy Deeds!  
 Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!  
 Conquest on thy Sword doth sit;  
 Trembling Foes through fear submit.  
 Let the many-peopled Earth,  
 All of high and humble birth,  
 Worship our eternall King;  
 Hymnes unto his honour sing.  
 Come, and see what God hath wrought;  
 Terrible to humane thought.  
 He the billowes did divide;  
 Wa'l'd with waves on either side,  
 While we pass'd safe and drie:  
 Then our Soules were rapt with joy.  
 Endlesse his Dominion;  
 All beholding from his Throne.  
 Let not those, who hate us most;  
 Let not the Rebellious boast.  
 Blesse the Lord; his Praise be sung,  
 While an eare can heare a tongue.  
 He our feet establissheth;  
 He our Soules redeems from Death,

Lord,

*Mel.  
Pis.*  
Lord, as Silver purifi'd,  
Thou hast with Affliction tri'd:  
Thou hast driven into the net;  
Burthens on our shoulders set:  
Trodon by their Horses hooves;  
Theirs, whom Pity never moves.  
We through fire, with flames embrac'd;  
We through raging fouds have pass'd:  
Yet by thy conducting hand,  
Brought into a wealthy Land.  
I will to thy House repaire;  
Worship, and thy Power declare:  
Offerings on thy Altar lay;  
All my vows devoutly pay,  
Utter'd with my heart and tongue,  
When oppress'd with powerfull Wrong.  
Fatlings I will sacrifice;  
Incense in perfumes shall rise;  
Bullocks, shaggy Goats, and Rammes  
Offer'd up in sacred flames,  
You, who great Iehovah feare,  
Come, O come, you blest, and heare  
What for me the Lord hath wrought,  
Then, when neere to ruine brought.  
Fervently to h'm I cry'd;  
I his Goodnesse magnifi'd.  
If I Vices should affect,  
Would not he my Praires reject?  
But the Lord my Praires hath heard,  
Which my tongue with reares prefer'd,  
Source of Mercie, be thou blest,  
That hast granted my Request.

## P S. LXVII.

**L**ord, shewre on us thy grace,  
 Inrich with Gifts diuine:  
 Let thy illustrious face  
 Vpon thy Servants shine:  
 That all below  
 The arched Skie,  
 May thee, and thy  
 Salvation know.

Let all thy Praise rehearse,  
 With one united voice;  
 Sing in melodious verse;  
 Eternally reioice:  
 Thy Power obey,  
 Whose iustice shall  
 Dispose of all;  
 All Scepters sway.

Let all extoll thy Worth;  
 Then shall the smiling Earth  
 Her pleasant fruits bring forth;  
 Nor ever mourn in Dearth.  
 We who implore,  
 Thy Blessings find;  
 And all Mankind  
 With feare adore.

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**L** Et God, the God of Battaille, rise;  
 And scatter his proud Enemies.  
 O let them flee before his face,  
 Like smoke which driving tempests chase.  
 As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire;  
 So perish in his burning ire.  
 But let the Iust with joy abound;  
 In joyfull Songs his praise resound,  
 Who riding on the rowling Spheares,  
 The Name of great Iehovah beares.  
 Before his Face your joyes expresse:  
 A Father to the fatherlesse.  
 He wipes the teares from Widowes eies;  
 The single plants in Families;  
 Inlarging those who late were bound:  
 While Rebels starve on thirsty Ground.  
 When he our numerous Army led,  
 And march't through Deserts full of dread;  
 Heaven melted, and Earths Centre shooke,  
 With his majesticke Presence strooke.  
 When Israels God in Clouds came downe,  
 High Sinai bow'd his trembling Crowne.  
 He in th' approch of meager Dearth,  
 With showres refresh't the fainting Earth;  
 Where his owne Flocke in safety fed:  
 The Needy unto plenty led.  
 By him we conquer. Virgins sing  
 Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.

He

He Kings with their vast Armies foiles;  
While women share their wealthy spoiles.  
You who among the Pots have laine  
In Soot, and Smoke, shall shine againe,  
Bright as the silver-feather'd Dove,  
Whose wings with golden Splendor move.  
When he the Kings had overthrowne,  
Our Land like snowy Salmon shone.  
Gods Mountaine Bashans mount transcends;  
Though he his many heads extends.  
Why boast you so, ye meaner hills?  
God with his Glory Sion fills:  
This his beloved Residence;  
Nor ever will depart from hence.  
His Chariots twenty thousand were,  
Which Myriads of Angels beare;  
He in the midst, as when he crown'd  
High Sinai's sanctified ground,  
Lord, thou thy selfe hast rais'd on high;  
Thou captivat'st captivity;  
Deckt with the trophees of his Foes,  
The gifts receiv'd on his bestowes:  
Reducing those who did rebell;  
That both might in his Sion dwell.  
O praised be the God of gods,  
Who his with daily blessings loads;  
The God of our Salvation,  
On whom our hopes depend alone.  
The controversie of life and death  
Is arbitrated by his Breath.  
He on their heads his Foes shall wound;  
Their hairy scalps, whose sinnes abound,

And



And in their trespasses proceed.  
Thus spake Iehovah ; Iacobs Seed  
I will from Bashan bring againe,  
And through the bottome of the Maine ;  
That Dogs may lap their enemies blood ;  
And they wade through a crimson floud.  
We in thy Sanctuary late,  
My God, my King, beheld thy State.  
The sacred Singers marcht before ;  
Who instruments of Musicke bore,  
In order followed : every Maide  
Vpon her pleasant Timbrell plaide.  
His praise in your Assemblies sing,  
You who from Israels Fountaine Spring:  
Nor little Benjamin alone,  
But Iudah from his Mountaine-throne :  
The farre removed Zebulun ;  
And Naphtali, which borders on  
Old Iordan, where his streame dilates ;  
Ioinde all their Powers and Potentates :  
For us his winged Souldiers fought.  
Lord strengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.  
He that supports a Diadem,  
To thee, divine Ierusalem,  
Shall in devotion treasure bring,  
To build the Temple of his King.  
Break through their Pikes, the multitude  
Of Bulls, with savage strength indu'd  
Till they with gifts sweet Peace invite :  
But scatter those, whom Wars delight.  
Far off from Sun-burnt Meroë,  
From falling Nilus ; from the Sea,

Which

But God shall let his Arrows flie;  
 Wound in the twinkling of an eye;  
     Each deadly stung  
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 Shall with that farall poyson die.  
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We in thy Sanctuary late,  
My God, my King, beheld thy State.  
The sacred Singers marcht before;  
Who instruments of Musicke bore,  
In order followed: every Maide  
Vpon her pleasant Timbrell plaide.  
His praise in your Assemblies sing,  
You who from Israels Fountaine spring:  
Nor little Benjamin alone,  
But Iudah from his Mountaine-throne:  
The farre removed Zebulun;  
And Naphtali, which borders on  
Old Iordan, where his streame dilates;  
Ioinde all their Powers and Potentates:  
For us his winged Souldiers fought.  
Lord strengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.  
He that supports a Diadem,  
To thee, divine Ierusalem,  
Shall in devotion treasure bring,  
To build the Temple of his King.  
Break through their Pikes; the multitude  
Of Bulls, with savage strength indu'd  
Till they with gifts sweet Peace invite:  
But scatter those, whom Wars delight.  
Far off from Sun-burnt Meroë,  
From falling Nilus; from the Sea,  
Which

Which beats on the Egyptian shore,  
 Shall Princes come, and here adore.  
 You Kingdomes, through the World renown'd,  
 Sing to the Lord; his praise resound:  
 He who Heavens upper Heaven bestrides,  
 And on her aged shoulders rides:  
 Whose voice the Clouds asunder rends;  
 In Thunder terrible descends.  
 O praise his Strength; whose Majesty  
 In Israel shines, his Power on high.  
 He from his Sanctuary throws  
 A trembling horror on his Foes:  
 While us his Power and Strength invest,  
 O Israel, praise the Ever-blest.

## P S A L M. LXIX.

**L**ord, snatch me from the raging Floud;  
 Now in deepe Eddies almost drown'd:  
 That struggle in the yeelding mud,  
 There, where no bottome can be found:  
 The rising waves my head surround,  
 And with their terrors chill my Bloud.

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;  
 Sight failes my long-expecting Eies:  
 My Haires are not in number more,  
 Then my uninjur'd Enemies.  
 The great in wrong against me rise;  
 I what I never tooke restore.

My



My God, thou know'st my Innocence;  
Let not the Faithfull blush for me,  
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence:  
Nor O! let those that call on thee,  
Their shame in my Confusion see;  
Since thou art our profess defence.

For thee I suffer Calumnies;  
To men become a generall scorne;  
Deserted by my neare Allies;  
By children of my Mother borne:  
Through zeale unto thy Honor worn,  
While thy reproch upon me lies,

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;  
My anguish in my looks exprest:  
Yet this to my derision turn'd;  
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:  
Even Iudges at my sorrow jest;  
My innocence by slander spurn'd.

Yet shall my Praises and Sighes ascend  
Even in an acceptable houre.  
Thy mercy, gracious Lord, extend;  
And save by thy Almighty power:  
Let not the swallowing mud devour:  
Preserve from such a shamefull end.

Deliver from th' insulting Foe;  
My struggling Feet from sinking keep:  
Let not the Billowes overflow,  
Nor Whirle-pits sucke into their Deep.

O pity thou the Eies that weepe:  
And thy transcendent Mercy show.

Heare, and redeeme without delay;  
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:  
Lest I become a wretched prey  
To such as have my Soule in chase.  
My shame, indignities, disgrace;  
And all their crimes before thee lay.

Reproch my bleeding heart hath pierc't:  
Was ever sorrow halfe so great!  
Compassion hath her eies averst;  
My grieve no comfort could intreat:  
They gave me bitter Gall to eate;  
And Vineger to quench my thirst.

O be their board a snare to those!  
Prosperity it selfe a Bait!  
Their eies in clouds of darknesse close;  
And let them fall by their owne weight;  
Powre on them thy eternall hate;  
With vengeance multiply their woes:

In ruines let their houses lie;  
None in their silent Tents be found:  
That would, whom thou hast smit, destroy;  
And wounded Soules with slander wound.  
Let their iniquities abound;  
Nor ever in thy Mercy joy.

Their names out of thy Volume blot;

Nor with the Iust inthrone their daies.  
Though poore; to misery begot;  
Yet thou shalt my dejection raise:  
Then will I celebrate thy praise;  
My thankfull heart no staine shall spot.

This will Iehovah more delight,  
Then Bulls prepar'd for sacrifice;  
Their guilded hornes with Garlands dight,  
This shall the Mecke with pleased eies  
Behold, and centuple their ioies;  
Their Day shall never set in Night.

For God the Poore regards, and those,  
Who for his sake affliction trie.  
Round Earth, deepe Seas, what Seas inclose;  
You Orbs, that move so orderly,  
Our great Iehovah magnifie,  
Who crownes his Saints with sweet Repose.

For God his Sion shall immure,  
And Iudah's Cities build againe;  
Where they shall ever live secure;  
A faire inheritance obtaine:  
There shall their blessed Seed remaine;  
And safely that rich Soile manure.

P S. LXX.

**H**Aste, Lord; from such as would devour,  
Defend by thy Almighty power:

Delay

Delay not in so fear'd an hour.

But let confusion sieze on those,  
Who seeke my Soule; to shame expose:  
Be sodaine in their overthrowes.

Let those with Infamy returne;  
Dejected, and unpitied, mourne;  
Who laugh, and blasse me with their scoorne.

Who love thy Name, with joy invest:  
Let them in shades of Safety feast;  
And ever say, The Lord be blest.

But I am poore, and full of need:  
Haste, Lord; deliver me with speed;  
Our strength, our helpe, from thee proceed,

## PS. LXXI.

**I**To thy Wing for refuge flie;  
Protect me from foule Infamy;  
Lord, in thy justice save.  
Deliver from their treacherous snares:  
O favourably heare my praires;  
Snatch from the yawning Grave.

Bethou my Fortresse of defence;  
There let me fix my residence.  
O thou, my Rocke! my Tower!  
Who hast thy Angels given in Charge,

That

That they thy Servants should enlarge  
From circumventing power,

Deliver from their cruell might,  
Whose wicked hands in blood delights  
Left I their prey become.

Thou art my hope; even from my youth  
Have I reli'd upon thy truth;  
By thee kept in the wombe;

From thence extracted by thy care.  
Though, as a Prodigy, they stare  
On me with wondring eies;  
Yet thee, my Strength, my song shall praise;  
And to the Starres thy glory raise,  
While Suns shall set and rise.

O cast not off, when full of daies;  
For sake not, when my strength decays:  
Watcht by conspiring Foes.  
God hath abandon'd him, say they;  
Now let us make his life our prey:  
Who shall our power oppose?

My God close to thy servant stand,  
And helpe him with a speedy hand:  
Those in their pride confound,  
Who persecute my wretched Soule;  
Let Death their implacable rage controule,  
And with dishonour wound.

But I will ever hope, and raise



My voice to multiply thy praise;  
Thy Righteousnes display,  
Thy manifold Deliveries:  
Which O! no number can comprise:  
Thus spend the harles Day.

I in thy strength, though old and weake,  
Will walke, and of thy Iustice speake;  
Of thine, even thine alone.  
Thou hast inform'd me from my Youth:  
I, to this houre, with single truth,  
Thy wondrous workes have shew'd.

Now in the Winter of my yeares;  
When Time hath snow'd upon my haire,  
Abandon not, O Lord;  
Till I unto this Age proclame  
Thy mighty Power; in songs the same  
Vnto the next record.

Thy Counsels depth our search exceeds:  
How admirable are thy deeds I  
O who is like to thee!  
Thou hast afflictions on me laine;  
Yet shalt thou quicken me againe,  
And from Earths entrailes free.

Still thou my glory wilt increale,  
And comfort with the ioles of Peace,  
I, in a living verse,  
Vnto my warbling Harpe will sing  
Thy praises, O eternall King;

Thy noble acts rehearse,  
 Vnto my voice, and instrument  
 Shall my exalted Soule consent;  
 By thee redeem'd from death:  
 Thy Iustice every Day proclame;  
 That now hast cloth'd my foes with shame;  
 Dispersed by thy breath.

## PS. LXXII.

THE King, Iehovah, with thy Iustice crowne;  
 And in a God-like reigne his Sonne renowne.  
 He shall with equiry thy People sway;  
 And Iudgment in the scales of Iustice waigh.  
 Then little hills shall riot with increase;  
 And Mountaines flourish in the fruits of Peace.  
 He shall the Poore from violence protect;  
 Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.  
 They, while the restless Sonne directs the Yeare;  
 While Moons increase & wain, thy Name shall feare.  
 He shall descend like plenny-dropping shewers;  
 Which cloath the Earth, & fill her Lap with flowers.  
 The Iust shall flourish in his happy daies;  
 And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Raies.  
 He shall from Sea to Sea enlarge his Reigne;  
 From swift Euphrates to the farthest Maine.  
 The wild inhabitants, that live by prey,  
 In scorched Deserts, shall his Rule obey.  
 His Foes shall lick the dust, rich with their spoiles.  
 Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Iles,

Shall orient Pearle, and sparkling stones present;  
 Gold from the Sun-burnt Æthiopians sent,  
 The swart Sabzans, and Paachais's King  
 Shall Cassia, Myrrhe, and sacred Incense bring.  
 All kings shall homage to this King afford;  
 All Nations shall receive him for their Lord.  
 He shall th' Oppressed heare, the Poore defend;  
 The Needy save, and such as have no friend:  
 Redceme their Soules from fraud, and violence;  
 And shall with bloud revenge their blouds expense.  
 For this, he long and happily shall live:  
 To him they shall the Gold of Sheba give.  
 The people for their King shall hourly pray;  
 His praises sing, and blesse him Day by Day.  
 Rank crops of Corn shall on high mountains grow,  
 And shake like Cedars when rough tempests blow.  
 The Citizens shall prosper, and abound (ground-  
 Like blades of Grass, which clothe the pregnant  
 His Name shall last to all eternity:  
 Even while the Sunne illuminats the Sky.  
 All Nations shall in him be blest: him all  
 The habitable Earth shall blessed call.  
 O praised be our God! That King of kings,  
 Who onely can accomplish wondrous things!  
 For ever celebrate his glorious Name,  
 And fill the world with his illustrious fame.

*Amen, Amen.*

*Here end the Praises of David  
the sonne of Jesse.*

**A PAR-**

A PARAPHRASE VPON THE  
THIRD BOOKE OF  
THE PSALMES OF  
DAVID.

PSALM. LXXIII.

That Power of powers, who Israel protects,  
The Pure of heart eternally affects,  
Yet I began to stagger in my Faith;  
My Feet almost had swerved from his Path;  
When I the Foole beheld with envious eyes;  
Saw prosperous Vice to Wealth and Honour rise.  
Their Thread of life is close and firmly spun;  
Whom feeble Age, and pale Diseases shun.  
They, while we suffer, suffer in content;  
As if alone exempt from punishment.  
Pride hangs like precious Chains about their necks;  
And Violence in robes of Purple decks.  
Their swollen eyes shine with uncontrol'd excess;  
Who more, then what their hearts can wish, possess.  
Even glorie in their foule Impiety;  
And speake like Thunder from the troubled Skie.  
Dire Blasphemies against high Heaven they cast;  
The suffering Earth their Pride and Slander blast.  
The good not seldome through their Scandal stray,  
And prest with Miseries, in Passion say;  
O how can wee the Lord All-seeing call!  
Or think he cares what unto men befall!

When

When lo! the Wicked with successe are crown'd,  
 And in the pleasures of this world abound.  
 I to no end have purg'd my heart of staine;  
 In innocence have cleans'd my hands in vaine;  
 That thus with daily punishments am worne,  
 And still chastised with the rising Morn.  
 If I gave words unto such thoughts as these,  
 I should th' assemblies of thy Saints displease:  
 For then, what were it to be just, or good?  
 My Soule this secret never understood;  
 Till into thy Sanctuary came,  
 And there behold their honour end in shame!  
 Thou hast on slippery hights their Greater plac'd;  
 Down head long from their Noone of glory cast.  
 How are they unto Desolation brought!  
 Consumed in the moment of a thought!  
 Such as a pleasant dreame when Sleepe forsakes  
 Our flattered sense: so, when thy wrath awakes,  
 Thou in thy dreadfull Fury shalt destroy  
 Their empty and imaginary joy.  
 These former thoughts did my weake Soule molest;  
 So ignorant; so vaine; so like a beast.  
 Yet I by thy divine supportance stand;  
 Thou heldst me up by thy Almighty hand.  
 Thou by thy counsell shalt direct my waies;  
 And after to eternall Glory raise.  
 For whom have I but thee in Heaven above?  
 Or what on Earth can my Affections move?  
 My thoughts and flesh are fraile: yet, Lord, thou art  
 My Portion, and the Vigour of my heart.  
 Who thee abandon, shall to Death descend;  
 And they, whose knees to cuffed Idoles bend.



I, as my duty, will to God repaire;  
On him relie, and his great acts declare;

## PSALM. LXXIV.

**L**ord; why hast thou abandoned?  
O why for ever! shall thine ire  
Consume, like a devouring Fire,  
The Sheepe which in thy pastures fed!

O thinke of those, who were thy owne;  
By thee of old from bondage brought:  
Th' Inheritance which thou hast bought,  
And Sion thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and survey  
What spoile the barbarous Foe hath made,  
Lo! all in heaps of ruines laid;  
Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like Lions, which sharpe famine whet,  
They in thy Sanctuary roare;  
All purple in thy Peoples gore;  
And there their conquering Ensignes set.

It was esteem'd a great renowne  
With Axe to square the Mountaine Okes:  
Now they demolish with their strokes,  
And hew the carved Fabricke downe.

Who lo! with all infolding flame,  
The beauty of the Earth devours;

Profanely prostrate on the Floor  
That Temple sacred to thy Name.

Now (said they) with a sodain hand,  
Give we a generall end to all,  
By Fire the holy sit uures fall,  
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes;  
There are no Prophetsto divine,  
That might our miseries decline:  
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long shall our Enemies  
Exult, and glory in our shame!  
How long shall they blaspheme thy Name,  
Great God, and thy flow Wrath despise!

Thy Hand out of thy bosome draw;  
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:  
My God, thou wast our King: The old  
Amazed World thy Wonders saw.

Thou struck'st the Erythran waves,  
When Seas from Seas in tumult fled;  
Brak'st the Egyptian Dragons head,  
And mad'st the joining Floods their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,  
To Beasts and Serpents, which possesse  
The dry and foodless Wilderness,  
By thee delivered for a Spoile.

Thou

Fig.  
Lr.  
Md.

Thou clav'st the Rock, from whence green wound  
The thirst expelling Fountain brare:  
Thou mad'st the heady streames forsake  
Their Channells, and become d'ie ground.

The cheerfull Day; Night cloth'd in shade;  
The Moon and radiant Sun are thine:  
Thy Bounds the swelling Seas confine;  
Summer and Winter by thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not those  
Who thee reproachfully despise.  
Remember, Lord, the Blasphemers,  
Cast on thee by our sanick Foes.

O! to the wicked Multitude  
Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:  
Nor from thy tender care remove  
The Poore, by powerfull Wrong pursu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain:  
For Darknesse over-spreads the Face  
Of all the Land; in every place  
Destruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th'opprest return with shame;  
But crown thee with deserv'd applause:  
O patronize thy proper Cause:  
Remember, Fooles revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrows never cease,  
Who blast thee with their Calumnies.

The

The tumults of their Pride, who rise  
Against thee, every day increase.

## P S. LXXV.

**T**hy Praises, O eternall King,  
Our Souls in sacred Verse will sing.  
The wonders of thy Works declare;  
Thy Presence in thy Power and Care.  
When I shall weare the Hebrew Crown,  
High Iustice shalt my Reign renown.  
The Land with weakning Discord rent,  
The People without Government,  
Faint and dissolve. Her Pillars I  
Support, her breaches fortifie.  
Proud man, I said, renounce thy Pride;  
Thou fool, thy Folly cast aside.  
Doe not so high your Hornes erect;  
Nor bellow, as with yoke unchecked.  
Preferment from the Orient,  
Nor from the Evening-Suns Descent,  
Nor Desert comes: God guides our Fates;  
He raiseth, and he ruinate.  
A cup of red and mingled Wine  
He poureth out to me and mine:  
But every Rebell in the Land  
Shall drink the Dregs, squiz'd by his Hand,  
His noble Acts I will relate;  
The God of Iacob celebrate;  
Suppress the Wicked, and their waies;  
The lust to Wealth and Honour raise.

## P S . LXXVI .

**G**od in Iudah is renown'd;  
Salem with his Temple crown'd:

Hein sacred Sion dwells;

Israel his wonders tells.

Hetheir flying Ensignes teares;

Shiver the Assyrian Spear;

Hetheir Swords, Shields, Arrowes, broke;

Kill'd, subdu'd, without a stroke.

Thou more excellent then they,

That on Iuries Mountains prey,

VVho the great in battell foil'd;

Of their lives and honours spoil'd.

Nor the Mightie could with-stand,

Nor so much as find a hand.

Princes, by thy onely breath,

VVith the Vulgar sleep in Death.

Terrible unto thy Foes:

O, who can thy VVrath oppose!

VVhen as they thy Thunder heare,

Mortals stand amaz'd, and feare:

VVhen from thy eternal Rest

Thou descend'st, to save th' Opprest.

Malice but it selfe betraies;

And converts into thy praise.

Future rage thou shalt restrain,

Making their indeavours vain.

Iacobs Seed, with one accord

Pay your Vowes unto the Lord:

Holy



Holy Levites, Offerings bring;  
Of his glorious conquest sing.  
He, who Princes overthrowes,  
O, how fearefull to his Foes!

## P S. LXXVII.

**T**O God I cri'd; he heard my cries:  
Againe, when plung'd in miseries,  
Renew'd with rais'd hands and eyes.

My festred wounds ran all the Night;  
No comfort could my Soule invite  
To relish long entworn delight.

I cal'd upon the Ever blest:  
And yet my troubles still increast;  
Almost to Death by sorrow prest.

Thou keep'st my galled eyes awake:  
Words faile my griefe; sighes onely spake,  
Which from my panting bosome brake.

Then did my memory unfold  
The wonders, which thou wrought'st of old,  
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I sung  
When deeply by affliction stung:  
These thoughts thus mov'd my desperate tongue;  
Wik

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forsake!  
Nor pity on th' afflicted take!  
O shall thy mercy never wake!

Wilt thou thy promise false!  
Must I in thy displeasure die!  
Shall Grace before thy Fury lie!

This said; I thus my Passions check:  
His changes on their ends reflect,  
To punish and restore th' Elect.

His great Deliverance shall dwell  
In my Remembrance; I will tell  
What in our Fathers daies befall.

His counsels from our reach are set;  
Hid in his sacred Cabinet.  
What God like ours! so good! so great!

Who wonders can effect alone;  
His Peoples great Redemption;  
To Jacobs Seed, and Josephs knowne.

The yeelding Floods confesse thy might;  
The Deepes were troubled at thy sight;  
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in storms of raine descend;  
The Aire thy hideous Fragors rend;  
Thy arrows dreadfull flames extend.

Thy

Thy Thunders roarings rake the Skies;  
Thy fatall Lightning swiftly flies;  
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy Waies even through the Billowes lie;  
The Flouds then left their Channells drie;  
No Mortall can thy steps describe.

Like Flocks through Wildernesse of Sand,  
Thou led'st us to this pleasant Land;  
By Moses and by Aarons hand.

## P s. LXXVIII.

**M**Y People, heare my Words; I will unfold  
Dark Oracles, and Wonders done of old;  
By our great Ancestors both heard and known;  
Successively unto their Children shown;  
Which we will to Posterity relate;  
That People, yet unknown, may celebrate  
Gods Power, his Praise, and glorious Acts; since he  
Will's this Tradition by divine decree;  
Vntill one Day shall give the World an end:  
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.  
Nor ever let his noble Actions sleep  
In dark oblivion; but his Statutes keep.  
Vnlike their rebell Sires, a stubborn Race;  
VWho fell from God, nor sought his slighted Grace  
The Ephraimites, though expert in their Bowes;  
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes.

Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;  
 Nor in the wayes of his prescription trod,  
 Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders shewn  
 In Zaan, and the plaines by Nile o'reflown.  
 He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;  
 The parted Waves like solid Mountaines stood.  
 By day with leading Clouds affords a shade;  
 By night a flaming Pyramis displaid.  
 Hard Rocks he in the thirstie Deserts clave,  
 And drink out of their stonie entrails gave:  
 Even from their barren sides the waters gush,  
 And down in rivers through the vallyes rush.  
 Yet still they sinn'd, and meat to satise  
 Their Lust demand, provoking the Most high;  
 Blaspheming thus; Can God our wants redresse?  
 A Table furnish in the Wildernesse?  
 Though from the cloven Rocks fresh currents drill,  
 Can he give bread? with flesh the hungrie fill?  
 Thus tempted by their hourly murmurings,  
 He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:  
 Their infidelity Inrag'd the lust,  
 That would not to his sure protection trust;  
 Who all the Curtaines of the Skies withdrew,  
 And made the clouds resolve into a dew:  
 With Manna, food of Angels, Mortals fed,  
 And fill'd with plencie of celestiall Bread.  
 Then caus'd the early Eastern winds to rise,  
 And bade the dropping South obscure the skies;  
 Whence shewres of Quails descend; as thick as sand  
 On Sea-wash't shores, or dust on Sun-dry'd Land;  
 Which fell among their Tents: They their delights  
 Injoy, and feast their deadly appetites:

For

For lo! while they those farall Dainties chew,  
And their inordinate Desires pursue;  
The Wrath of God surpriz'd them, and cut down  
The choice of all; even those of most renown.  
Nor, by their own mis-haps admonished,  
Would they his Works believe, or Judgements dread.  
So he their spirits quencht with daily feares;  
In Vanity and Toile consum'd their yeares.  
But when by Slaughter wasted, the forlorn  
Return'd, and sought him in the early Morn.  
They then confest and said; Thou art our Tower,  
Our Strength; alone protectest by thy Power.  
Yet their lye Tongues did but their Souls disguise;  
Full of deluding flatteries, and lies.  
Their faithlesse hearts revolted from his Will;  
Nor ever would his just Commands fulfill.  
How oft would he, whose Mercie hath no bound,  
Their pardon signe; nor in their Sinnes confound!  
How oft did he his burning Wrath allwage!  
How oft divert the Fury of his Rage!  
Consider'd them as flesh, in frailty borne;  
A passing Wind, that never can return.  
Yet still would they his sacred Lawes transgress;  
Provok'd him in th' unpeopled Wilderness:  
Confin'd the Holy One of Israel;  
Against their Saviour frankly rebell;  
Forgetfull of his Power, nor ever thought  
Of that great day, when from long bondage brought.  
His dreadfull Miracles to Egypt known,  
And VVonder in the Field of Zoan shown.  
The River chang'd into a Sea of blood;  
Men faint for thirst, & void as th' int'ed Flood.



Huge swarms of unknown Flies display their wings,  
 Which wound to death with their invenom'd stings.  
 Loath'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound;  
 And with their filthy slime pollute the ground.  
 Their early fruits the Caterpillars spoyle:  
 And Grasshoppers devour the Plow-mans toile.  
 Long Vines with storms their dangling burdens lost:  
 The broad-leav'd Sycamores destroy'd with frost.  
 Their Flocks beat downe with hailstones breathles  
 Their Cattell by the stroke of Thunder die. (lie:  
 The vengeance of his wrath all formes of woes,  
 More plagues, then could be fear'd, upō the throws  
 Whom evill Angels to their sins betray.  
 He to the Torrent of his wrath gave way;  
 Nor would with man or sinlesse beasts dispense;  
 Shot by the arrowes of his Pestilence.  
 Slew all the flower of Youth, their First-borne sons;  
 There where old Nilus in seven chanel runs.  
 But like a flocke of Sheepe his people led;  
 Safe and secure through Deserts, full of dread:  
 Even through vnfathom'd Deeps: w<sup>ch</sup> part, & close  
 Their tumbling waves to swallow their proud Foes.  
 Then brought them to his consecrated land;  
 Even to his Mountaine purchas'd by his Hand.  
 Cast out the Giane-like Inhabitants;  
 And in their roomes the Tribes of Israel plants.  
 Yet they (O most ingratefull!) falsifie  
 Their vows, and still exasperate the most High:  
 Who in their faithlesse fathers traces goe;  
 And start aside, like a deceitfull Bowe.  
 Their Altars on the tops of Mountaines blaze,  
 While they their hands to cursed Idols raise.

These objects fuell to his wrath afford :  
Whose Soule revolted Israel abhor'd.  
The ancient Seat of Shiloh then forsooke ;  
Nor longer would that hated Mansion brooke  
His Arke even to Captivity declin'd ;  
His strength and glory to the Foe resign'd :  
And yeelded up his People to the rage  
Of barbarous swords ; nor would his wrath assuage.  
Devouring flames their able Youth confound ;  
Nor are their maids with Nuptiall garlands crown'd.  
Their Mitred Priests in heat of Battell fall ;  
No Widows weeping at their funerall.  
Then as a Giant, folded in the charmes  
Of Wine and Sleepe, starts up, and cries, To armes :  
So rous'd, his Foes behind, Jehovah wounds ;  
And with eternall infamy confounds :  
Yet would in Iosephs Tents no longer dwell ;  
Nor Ephraim chose, who from his Cov'nant fell :  
But Iudahs mountaine for his Seat elects ;  
And sacred Sion, which he most affects.  
There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,  
Firme as the Centre, never to be ras'd.  
And from the bleating Flockes his David chose,  
When he attended on the yeaning Ewes ;  
And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed  
His people ; Israels selected Seed.  
Who fed them faithfully ; and all the Land  
Directed with a just and equall hand.

## P S. LXXIX.

**T**He Gentiles waste thy Canaan, Lord,  
With Fire and Sword.

Thy holy Temple they prophane;  
With Slaughter stains.

Beneath her ruines Salem grones;  
Now nothing but a heape of stones.

The dead no funerall pompe attends,  
Nor weeping friends:

Their carcases our barbarous Foes  
To beasts expose:

The ravenous Wolves become their tombe  
Or else the greedy Vulturs wombe.

With bloud of Saints, the streams grow red,  
Like Water shed:

Thy People now a generall  
Reproach to all.

The Syrian, and base Edomite  
Deride, and in our woes delight.

How long, Lord, shall thy jealous ire  
Devoure like Fire?

Thy anger, in a dreadfull shewre  
Of vengeance, powre

On those, who know not thy great Name:  
And thinke thy Worship but a shame.

For they have laid our Country waste :

Our Cities Rast.

Lord, O remember not the crimes

Of former times !

But for thy tender mercy save

Our soules ; now humbled to the grave.

Lord, for the glory of thy Name,

Redeeme from shame.

O purge us, and propitious be !

From thraldome free.

Why should the Heathen thus blaspheme,

And say, Your God is but a Dreame !

Against them let thy Vengeance rise ;

Before our eyes :

And for our bloud, shed by their guilt,

Let theirs be spilt.

O heare the sighing Prisoners cry !

And save, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our spitefull Neighbours, Lord, deride

Thee, in their pride.

With seven-fold vengeance recompense

Their insolence.

So we, thy flocke, our God will praise ;

And to the Starres thy glory raise.

PS. LXXX.

**T**Hou Shepherd of thy Israel,

That, Flock-like, leadest Iosephs Race:

Who

Who twixt the Cherubims dost dwell,  
 O heare! shew thy inlightning Face,  
 Exalt thy saving power before  
 Manasseh, Ephraim, Benjamin:  
 O from Captivity restore!  
 And let thy beames upon us shine,  
 Great God of Battaille, wilt thou still  
 Be angry, and our praies despise?  
 Bread, steep't in teares, our stomachs fill;  
 We drinke the rivers of our eies,  
 Our scoffing Neighbours fall at strife  
 Among themselves, to share our right:  
 Great God, restore the dead to life;  
 And comfort by thy quickning light  
 This Vine, from Ægypt brought, (the foe  
 Expeld) was planted by thy hand:  
 Thou gav'st it roome and strength to grow,  
 Vntill her branches fill'd the Land.  
 The Mountaines tooke a shade from these,  
 Which like a grove of Cedars stood,  
 Extending to the Tyrian Seas,  
 And to Euphrates rowling Floud.  
 O why hast thou her Fences ras't?  
 Whilst every Stragler pul's her fruit:  
 The browsing Herd her branches waste;  
 And salvage Boors plow up her root.  
 Great God, returne; this trampled Vine  
 From Heaven behold with mild aspect:  
 Once planted by that hand of thine;  
 The branches of thy owne Elect  
 Which now cut downe, wild Flames deuoute;  
 Through thy fierce wrath to ruine brought:



Protect thy People by thy powre;  
 And perfect what thy selfe hath wrought.  
 Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore;  
 Nor ever from thy Pleasure swerve.  
 O from Captivity restore,  
 And by thy powerfull grace preserve!

Pis.  
 Ma.

## P S. LXXXI.

**T**O God our Strength your voices raise:  
 In sacred numbers sing his praise.  
 The warbling Lute, sweet Viol bring,  
 And solemn Harp: loud Timbrels ring.  
 The new Moone seene, shrill Trumpets sound;  
 Your sacred Feasts with Triumph crown'd.  
 These rites our God established,  
 When Israel he from Ægypt led:  
 Their neckes with Yokes of bondage wrung;  
 Inured to an unknowne tongue.  
 Your burdens I have cast away,  
 Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:  
 Then sav'd, when in your feares you cri'd;  
 And from the thundring Cloud repli'd.  
 Itri'd you; heard your murmurings,  
 At Meribahs admired Springs.  
 You Sonnes of Israel, give care;  
 I will instruct you, would you heare.  
 Beware; no foraigne gods adore;  
 Nor their adulterate Powers implore.  
 I thee alone brought from the Land  
 Of Bondage, with a mighty hand.

I know

I know, and will supply thy need;  
 When naked, clothe; when hungry, feed.  
 Yet will not they my counsell brooke;  
 But desperately their God forooke:  
 Whom I unto their lusts resign'd,  
 And errors of their wandring minde.  
 O that they had my voice obci'd,  
 Nor from the paths of vertue straid!  
 Then victory their brows had crown'd:  
 Their slaughter'd Foes had spread the ground:  
 Then had I made their enemy  
 Submit, and at their mercy lie:  
 Themselves blest with eternall Peace;  
 Inriched with the Earths increase:  
 With floure of Wheat, and Honey fill'd,  
 From breaches of the Rocks distill'd.

## P S. LXXXII.

God sits upon the Throne of Kings,  
 And luges unto judgment brings.  
 Why then so long  
 Maintain you wrong,  
 And favour Lawles things?

Defend the Poore, the Fatherles;  
 Their crying injuries redresse:  
 And vindicate  
 The Desolate,  
 Whom wicked men oppresse.

For they of knowledge have no Light,  
 Nor Will to know; but walke in Night.  
 Earths Bases faile;  
 No Lawes prevaile;  
 Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the most High;  
 Yet you, like common men, shall die;  
 Like Princes fall.  
 Great God, Iudge all  
 The Earth, thy Monarchy.

## P S. LXXXIII.

**L**Ord, sit not still, as deafe unto our cries:  
 For lo! our Enemies in tumults rise.  
 Even those, who thy Omnipotence deny,  
 And hate thy Name, advance their Crests on high:  
 Darke counsils take, and secretly contrive  
 Their slaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.  
 Come, say they, let us with incessant strokes  
 Hew downe this Nation, like a grove of Okes;  
 Till they no longer be; and Israel die  
 Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.  
 They all, in one Confederacy, have made  
 A solemne League; suppl'd with foraigne aide.  
 Pierce Idumzans, who in Nomades stay,  
 And shaggy Ismaelites, that live by preys;  
 Th' incestuous Race, that border on the Lake  
 Of salt Asphaltis: Savage Thieves, who take

Le.  
 Their

Their name from servile Hagar; they, who dwell  
 In Gebal; Ammonites, who peace expell;  
 Sterne Palæstines; and wild Amalekites;  
 False Tyrians; Athur with Lots Sonnes unites.  
 Let them like Midian fall, by mutuall wounds;  
 Like Sisera; fall like Iabin, on the bounds  
 Of Endor, where swift Kilon takes his birth;  
 VVho lay like Dung upon the famed Earth:  
 Like Zeb, and Orebs Princes; made a prey  
 For wolves: like Zeba and proud Zalmuna:  
 VVho said, let us these Israelites destroy,  
 And all the Cities of their God injoy.  
 O let them, like a wheele be hurried round;  
 Like chaffe, which whirl-winds ravish frō the ground;  
 As VVoods grown drie with age, imbrat'd with fire,  
 VVhose flames above the singed Hills aspire:  
 So in the Tempest of thy VVrath pursue;  
 And with thy stormes thy trembling Foes subdue.  
 O fill their Hearts with grief; their looks with shame;  
 Till they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.  
 Confound them with eternall Infamie;  
 That they, through anguish of their Souls, may die.  
 That men Ichovah's VVonders may rehearse;  
 The great Commander of this Vniverse.

## P S. LXXXIV.

**O** How amiable are Thy Abodes, great God of warre:  
 How I languish through restraint!  
 How my longing Spirits faint I

Lord

Lord, for thee I daily crie;  
 In thy absence hourly die.  
 Sparrowes there their young ones reare;  
 And the Summers Harbinger  
 By thy Altar builds her nest,  
 Where they take their envid rest.  
 O my King! O thou most High!  
 Arbitrer of Victorie!  
 Happy men! who spend their daies  
 In thy Courts; there sing thy Praise!  
 Happy! who on thee depend;  
 Thine their Way, and thou their End.  
 Who through Baca travelling,  
 Make that thirsty Vale a Spring;  
 Or soft showres from Clouds distill,  
 And their empty Cisterns fill:  
 Fresh in strength, their course pursue,  
 Till they thee in Sion view.  
 Lord of Hosts, incline thine Eare.  
 O thou God of Iacob heare!  
 Thou our Rock, extend thy Grace;  
 Look on thy Anointed's Face,  
 One Day in thy Courts alone  
 Farre exceeds a Million.  
 Let me be contemn'd and poore;  
 In thy Temple keep a Doore:  
 Then with wicked men possesse  
 All that they call Happinesse.  
 O thou Shield of our Defence!  
 O thou Sun, whose influence  
 Sweetly glides into our hearts!  
 Thou, who all to thine imparts!

Happy!



Happy! O thrice happy hee,  
Who alone depends on thee

## P S. LXXXV.

**A**T length thou hast thy Mercie shewn;  
Drawn from the Babylonian yoke;  
Our Sinnes remov'd, which did provoke  
Thy Wrath; even that now overblown.  
Great God, our ruin'd state restore;  
And let thy Anger flame no more.

O shall it like a Comet raig!n!  
Extending to the yet unborn!  
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorn;  
That thine in thee may joy again!  
O showre thy Mercie from above;  
Preserve, and fixe us in thy love!

I will the Voice of God attend;  
Who to his People speaks of Peace;  
Such as in Sanctity increase;  
Nor to their Sins again descend:  
These soon with Freedome shall be blest;  
That Glory may our Land invest.

Those Dayes shall consummate our Blisse;  
Sweet Clemencie with Truth shall meet;  
High Iustice gentle Peace shall greet;  
Saluting with a holy Kisse:  
For Truth shall from the Earth arise;  
And Righteousnesse look from the Skies.

Then

Then shall Iehovah distribute  
 His Blessings with a liberall hand:  
 The rich, and ever gratefull Land  
 Abundantly produce her fruit.  
 For lustice shall before him goe,  
 And her faire steps to Mortals show.

## P. S. LXXXVI.

**M**Y God, thy Suppliant heare;  
 Afford a gentle Eare:  
 For I am comfortlesse,  
 And labour in distresse.  
 My righteous Soule relieve,  
 So ready to forgive.  
 Thy Servant, Lord, defend;  
 Whose hopes on thee depend.  
 Me from the Grave restore,  
 Who daily thee implore:  
 From wasting Sorrow free  
 The Heart long vow'd to thee.  
 For thou art God alone,  
 To tender pity prone,  
 Propitious unto all,  
 Who on thy Mercie call.  
 O heare my fervent praire,  
 And take me to thy care:  
 Then ready to be found,  
 When troubles most abound.  
 What God, like thee, O Lord,  
 Of all by men ador'd!

Or

Or underneath the Sun,  
Such miracles hath done.  
Zeale shall all hearts inflame  
T'adore and praise thy Name.  
For thou art God alone;  
Thy Power in VVonders shown.  
Direct me in thy VVay;  
So shall I never stray.  
My thoughts from Tempests cleare;  
Vnited in thy Feare.  
My Soul shall celebrate  
Thy Praise; thy Powre relate,  
That hast advanc'd my head,  
And rais'd me from the Dead.  
The Proud against me rise,  
And pow'rfull Enemies  
(All Rebels to thy Will)  
My guilelesse blood would spill.  
But, O thou King of kings,  
From thee sweet Mercie springs;  
Still gracious; slow to wrath;  
True to thy Servants Faith.  
Lord, for thy Mercies sake,  
Into thy bosome take:  
Thy Hand-maids Son O save  
From the devouring Grave!  
Some happy Signe expose  
To my ashamed Poer;  
That they thy hate may see  
To them; thy Love to me.

## P.S. LXXXVII.

**T**He Lord hath with his Temple crown'd  
 Moriah, by his Choice renown'd.  
 Not all the Tents of Israel,  
 Or Mountains which in height excell,  
 He so affects, or celebrates,  
 As lofty Sions stately Gates.  
 Jerusalem, thou Throne of Kings,  
 Of thee they utter glorious things.  
 Not by Iudca's narrow bounds  
 Prescrib'd; the Land which Nile surrounds,  
 Great Babylon, proud Palestine,  
 Rich Tyre, which circling Seas confine;  
 And black-brow'd Æthiopians,  
 Shall yield thee Citizens and Sonnes.  
 All sorts of People, foreign-bred,  
 As Natives there indorn'd;  
 In Sion built by immortall Hands:  
 Firm as the Mountain where it stands.  
 The Lord in his eternall Scroll,  
 Shall these, as Citizens, inroll.  
 Their Musick shall th' Affections raise,  
 And Songs sung in Jehovah's praise;  
 Whose Blessings on this City shall,  
 Like Streames from Heavenly Fountains, fall.

## PS. LXXXVIII.

**M**Y Saviour ! both by night and day  
To thee I pray.

O let my Cries transcend the Spheres,  
And pierce thy Eares !

Lest Sorrow stop my fainting breath;  
Now neare the lawes of greedy Death.

My light extinguisht, numbered  
Among the Dead ;

Like men in battaile slain ; the wombe  
Of Earth their Tombe.

Forgotten, as if never known ;  
By thy tempestuous Wrath o'rethrown.

By thee lodg'd in the lowest Deepes,  
Where Horror keeps ;

In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies  
His cheerfull Raies.

Crusht by thy Wrath ; on me thy Waves  
Rush, like so many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foes,  
Deride my Wees.

My House becoms my Gaele, where I  
In Fetters lie.

Blind with my teares ; with crying hoarse ;  
Hands rais'd in vain ; a walking Coarse.

Wilt



Wilt thou to these thy VVonders show,  
 VVho sleep below?  
 The Dead from their cold Mansions raise,  
 To sing thy Praise?  
 Shall Mercie find us in the Grave?  
 Or wilt thou in Destruction save?

VVilt thou thy VVonders bring to light,  
 In Deaths long Night?  
 Or shall thy Iustice there be shown,  
 VVhere none are known?  
 I have, and still to thee will pray;  
 Before the Sun restore the Day.

O, why hast thou withdrawn thy Grace,  
 And hid thy Face,  
 From me, who from my Infancie  
 But daily die?  
 VVhil'st I thy Terrours undergoe;  
 Distracted by these stormes of woe.

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, deuoures  
 My trembling Powers:  
 VVith troups of Terrours circled round;  
 In Sorrow drown'd;  
 Depriv'd of those, that lov'd me most;  
 To all in dark oblivion lost.

P s. LXXXIX.

O Vr gratefull Songs, O thou eternall King,  
 Shall ever of thy boundlesse Mercie sing:

And

And thy unalterable Truth rehearse  
To after Ages, in a living verse.  
For what is by thy Clemency decreed,  
Shall orderly, and faithfully succeed:  
Even like those never resting Orbs above,  
Which on firme hinges circularly move.  
Thus God unto his servant David swore;  
This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore  
Thy Seed establish, and thy Throne susteine;  
Whilst Seas shall flow, or Moones increase & waine.  
The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth shall praise;  
The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.  
For who is like our God above the Clouds?  
Or who so great, whom humane frailty shrouds?  
He to his Angels terrible appears;  
And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with frowns.  
Great God! how great, when dreadful Armies joine!  
What God so strong! what Faith so firme as thine!  
Thy Bounds the Billower of the Sea restrain;  
Thou calm'st the tumults of th' incens'd Main.  
Proud Rahab, like a Coast, with blood imbued;  
Hewn down the strong w<sup>th</sup> greater strength subdued.  
Thine are y<sup>e</sup> Heavens; those Lamps w<sup>th</sup> gild y<sup>e</sup> Skies;  
Round Earth; broad Seas; and all y<sup>e</sup> things they comprise.  
Thou mad'st y<sup>e</sup> Southern and the Northern Pole;  
Whereon the Orbs celest<sup>l</sup> swiftly revolve.  
Hermon invested with the Morning Bales,  
And Taber with the Evening's, sing thy praise.  
Thy Arms excels in strength: thy hand sustaine  
The World they made: And made it with a maine.  
Justice with Judgment joy'd, thy Throne uphold:  
Merry and Truth thy sacred browes unfold.

Thrice happy they, who, when the Trumpet calls,  
 Throng to thy celebrated Festivals;  
 They of thy Beauty shall enjoy the sight,  
 And guide their Feet by that informing light:  
 Thy Name shall daily in their mouths be found;  
 And in thy Justice shall their Joyes abound.  
 Our Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Warres;  
 Thy Favour shall exalt us to the Starres;  
 Thou Holy One of Israel, our King;  
 Thou our defence; secure beneath thy Wing.  
 Thus spake Iehovah by his Prophets voice;  
 Of strenuous David have I made my choice;  
 (On that Heroë pow'd my Sacred Oile)  
 To guide my People, and preserve from spoile:  
 I will support him with my powerfull Armes;  
 No Foe shall Tribute force; nor Treason harme:  
 His enemies before his Face shall die,  
 And those, who hate his Soule, by slaughter die.  
 Our Truth and Clemencie shall crowne his Daies,  
 And to the Firmament his Glory raise.  
 He, from the Billows of the Tyrian Main,  
 To swift Euphrates shall extend his Reign.  
 Who in his oft renew'd Devotions shall,  
 Me Father, God, and great Protector call.  
 My Favorite he shall be, and my First birth;  
 Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.  
 My Mercie him for ever shall preserve:  
 And from my Promise I will never swerve.  
 His Seed shall alwaies reign; his Throne shall last,  
 While Daies have light, & Nights their shadows cast.  
 If they my Iudgements slight, forsake my Law,  
 My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;

Then

Then I with whips will their offences scourge,  
 With labour, misery, and sorrows urge,  
 Yet will not utterly my King forsake,  
 My Vow infringe, or alter what I spake,  
 I by my Sanctuary to David sware,  
 That he, and his should never want an Heir,  
 To sway the Hebrew Scepter, while the Sun  
 His usuall Race should through the Zodiac run;  
 While Men, the Moone & radiant Stars should see,  
 The faithfull witnesses of my Decree.  
 But thou art angry with thy owne Elect,  
 And dost thy late affected King reject;  
 Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant sworne;  
 Thou from his Browes his Diademe hast torne;  
 Cast down the Rampier, w<sup>th</sup> his strength renown'd;  
 And all his Bulwarks level'd with the ground:  
 Whom now his Neighbours scorne; a common prey,  
 And spoile to all that travell by the way.  
 Thou addest strength and courage to his Foes,  
 Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes;  
 Rebatest his sharpe Sword, unnerv'd his might,  
 And mak'st him shrink in fervor of the fight:  
 His splendor hast Eclipsed; his renowne  
 In ruines buried, and his Throne cast downe:  
 His Youth consumed with untimely Age;  
 Markt out for shame, the object of thy Rage.  
 How long shall he in thy displeasure mourne?  
 Still shall thy Anger like a Furnace burne?  
 O call to minde the shortnesse of my daies;  
 That dream of Man, which like a Flower decays.  
 Who lives, that can the stroke of Death defend;  
 Or shall not to the silent Grave descend?

Where is thy ancient Love | thy plighted Troth,  
 Confirm'd to David by a solemn Oth |  
 Remember the Reproches I have borne;  
 Those of the Mighty; and their bitter scorn:  
 Traduced; by thy enemies abhor'd.  
 Yet, O my penive Soule, praise thou the Lord.

*Answer, Answer.*

**A PARA:**



A PARAPHRASE VPON THE  
FOVRTH BOOKE OF  
THE PSALMES OF  
DAVID.

PSALM. XC.

**O** Thou the Father of us all,  
Our refuge from th' Originall;  
That wert our God, before  
The aery Mountaines had their birth,  
Or fabricke of the peopled Earth;  
And art for evermore.

But fraile man, daily dying, must  
At thy Command returne to Dust;  
Or should he Ages last;  
Ten thousand yeeres are in thy sight  
But like a quadrant of the Night,  
Or as a Day that's past.

He by thy Torrent swept from hence;  
An empty Dreame, which mocks the Sense,  
And from the Phannie flies:  
Such as the beauty of the Rose,  
Which in the dewy Morning blows,  
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire:  
 Thy anger a consuming Fire,  
 To our offences due.  
 Our finnes (although by Night conceal'd,  
 By shame, and feare) are all reveal'd,  
 And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our yeares we spend;  
 And like a sad discourse they end,  
 Nor but to seventy last:  
 Or if to eighty they arrive,  
 We then with Age, and Sicknesse strive,  
 Cut off with winged haste.

Who knows the terror of thy wrath,  
 Or to thy dreadfull anger hath  
 Proportion'd his due feare?  
 Teach us to number our fraile Daies,  
 That we our hearts to thee may raise,  
 And wisely sinne forbear.

Lord, O how long! at length relent!  
 And of our miseries repent;  
 Thy Early Mercy shew:

That we may unknowne comfort taste:  
 For those long daies in sorrow past,  
 As long of joy bestow.

The workes of thy accustomed Grace  
 Shew to thy Servants; on their Race  
 Thy chearefull beames reflect;  
 O let on us thy Beauty shine!

Blesse our attempts with aide divine,  
And by thy Hand direct,

P. S. XCI.

**W**Ho makes the Almighty his retreat,  
Shall rest beneath his shady Wings;  
Free from the oppression of the Great,  
The rage of Warre, or wrath of Kings.  
Free from the cunning Fowlers train;  
The tainted aires infectious breath;  
His Truth in perils shall susteine,  
And shield thee from the stroke of Death.  
No terrors shall thy sleeps affright;  
Nor deadly flying Arrowes slay:  
Nor Pestilence devoure by Night,  
Or Slaughter massacre by Day.  
A thousand and ten thousand shall  
Sinke on thy Right hand and thy Left;  
Yet thou secure shalt see their fall;  
By vengeance, of their lives bereft.  
Since God thou hast thy Refuge made,  
And dost to him thy vowes direct;  
No evill shall thy strength invade,  
Nor wasting Plagues thy rooff infect.  
Thee shall his Angels safely guide;  
Vpheld by winged Legions,  
Left thou at any time shouldst slide,  
And dash thy Foot against the Stones.  
Thou on the Basillike shalt tread;  
The Mountaine Lion boldly meet, And

And trample on the Dragons head;  
 The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet.  
 Since he hath fixt his love on me,  
 Saith God, and walked in my waies;  
 I will his Soule from danger free,  
 And from the reach of Envy raise,  
 To him I his desires will give;  
 From danger guard, in honour place;  
 He long, long happily shall live,  
 And flourish in my saving Grace.

## PS. XCII.

**T**Hou, who art in thron'd above;  
 Thou, by whom we live, and move;  
 O how sweet, how excellent,  
 Is't with tongues and hearts consent,  
 Thankfull hearts, and joyfull tongues,  
 To renoune thy Name in Songs;  
 When the Morning paints the Skies,  
 When the sparkling Snares arise;  
 Thy high favours to rehearse,  
 Thy firme faith, in gratefull Verse,  
 Take the Lute, and Viols;  
 Let the solemn Harpe begin;  
 Instruments string with ten strings,  
 While the Silver Chimes ring.  
 From thy Works my joy proceeds;  
 How I triumph in thy Deeds  
 Who thy Wonders can expresse!

All thy Thoughts are fathomlesse;  
 Hid from men in Knowledge blind;  
 Hid from Fooles to Vice inclin'd.  
 Who that Tyrant Sin obey;  
 Though they Spring like Flowers in May;  
 Parcht with Heat, and nip't with Frost,  
 Soone shall fade, for ever lost.  
 Lord, thou art most Great, most High;  
 Such from all Extremities  
 Perish shall thy Enemies,  
 Rebels that against thee rise.  
 All, who in their Sinnes delight,  
 Shall be scatter'd by thy Might,  
 But thou shalt exalt thy Horne,  
 Like a youthfull Unicorn;  
 Fresh and fragrant Odors shed  
 On thy crowned Prophets head.  
 I shall see my Foes Defeat,  
 Shortly heare of their retreat:  
 But the Iust like Palmes shall flourish,  
 Which the Plains of Iudah nourish:  
 Like tall Cedars mounted on  
 Cloud-ascending Lebanon.  
 Plants set in thy Court, below  
 Spread their roots, and upwards grow;  
 Fruit in their Old-age shall bring,  
 Ever fat and flourishing.  
 This Gods Iustice celebrats;  
 He, my Rock, Injustice hates.



## P S. XCIII.

**N**OW great Jehovah raignt,  
 With Majestic aray'd  
 His Power all powers restraines,  
 By men and gods obey'd  
 The round Earth hung  
 In liquid Aire;  
 Establish'd there  
 But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old then Time,  
 And after, as before.  
 The Floods in billows cline,  
 And forming loudly rore  
 With horrid Noife  
 The Ocean raves,  
 And breakes his Waves  
 Against the Skies.

But thou more to be fear'd,  
 More terrible then these  
 Thy Voice in Thunder heard;  
 Thy Nod rebukes the Seas.  
 Thee Truth renowned,  
 Pure Sanctitie  
 Eternallie  
 Thy Temple crowns.

PSALM. XCIV.

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PS. XCIV.

Great God of Hosts revenge our Wrong,  
On those, who are in Mischiefs strong.  
Vpon thy Foes

Inflict our Woes;  
For Vengeance doth to thee belong.  
Judge of the World, prevent  
The Proud and Insolent.

How long shall they the Just oppress,  
And triumph in their Wickedness?

How long shall they

Abhor how long vaunt,

And glory in their dire success!

Thy Saints afunder break,

Insulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poor Widdows kill;  
The blood of wretched Orphans spill;

And say, Can he

Or heare, or see?

Doth God regard what's good or ill?

Brute Beasts, without a mind!

O Fools in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty see and heare,

Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Eare?

Who Nations slew,

Not punish you?

Who

Who taught, not know? to him appeare  
Dark Counsils, secret Fires,  
Vain Hopes, and vast Desires.

But O! thrice blessed he, whom God  
Chastiseth with his gentle Rod;  
Informes, and awes  
By sacred Lawes,  
In stormes brought to a safe abode;  
While the Vnrighteous shall  
By winged Vengeance fall.

For he will not forsake th' Elect;  
Nor who adore his Name reject;  
But Iudgement then  
Shall turne againe  
To Iustice, and her Throne erect;  
Who are in heart upright  
Shall follow that clear Light.

What mortall will th' Afflicted aide  
Defend, when impious Foes invade?  
Lord, hadst not thou,  
My Soul ere now  
In silent shades of Death had laide  
For he my Out-cries heard;  
And from the Centre reare'd.

When Grief my laboring Soul confounds,  
Thou powrest Balm into her wound;  
Shall Tyrannie  
With thee compare?

Who

Who Mischiefe for a Law propound;  
 Who swarm to circumvent,  
 And doom the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,  
 My Refuge, and my Recompence.

The Vicious shall

By Vices fall,

By their own Sinnes be swept from hence.

God shall cut off their breath,

And give them up to Death.

## P.S. XCV.

Come Sing the great Jehovah's Praise,  
 Whose Mercies have prolong'd our Daies;  
 Sing with a joyfull Voice.  
 With bending Knees, and raised Eyes  
 Adore your God: O sacrifice;  
 In sacred Hymnes rejoice.

Great is the God of our defence,  
 Transcending all in eminence;

His Hand the Earth sustains;

The Depths, the lofty Mountains made;

The Land and liquid Plains displayd,

And curbs them with his Reign.

O come, before his Footstool fall,

Our onely God, who form'd us all;

Through former of Danger led.

He

He is our Shepherd, we his Sheep,  
His hands from Wolves and Rapine keep,  
In pleasant Pastures fed

The Voice of God thus spake this day;  
Repine not as at Meribah,  
As in the Wilderness:  
Where your Fore-fathers tempted me;  
Who did my Works of wonder see,  
And to their shame confesse

When vext for forty years, I said;  
This People in their hearts have straid;  
Rebellious to command:  
To whom I in my Anger swore,  
That Death should seise on them before  
They knew this pleasant Land:

Ps. XCVI.

**N**ew composed Ditties sing  
To our ever-lasting King  
You, all you of Humane birth,  
Fed and nourishd by the Earth,  
Celebrate I chovah's Praise,  
Daily his Deliveries blase,  
His Glory let the Gentiles know;  
To the World his Wonders show.  
O how gracious! O how great!  
Earth his Foot-stool, Heaven his Seat.



To be fear'd and honour'd more  
Then those gods, whom Fools adore;  
Idols by their Servants made:  
But our God the Heavens display'd.  
Honour, Beauty, Power divine,  
In his Sanctuary shine.  
All, who by his Favour live,  
Glory to Jehovah give;  
Glory due unto his Name,  
And his mighty Deeds proclaim.  
Offerings on his Altar lay;  
There your Vowes devoutly pay.  
In his beaurious Holinesse  
To the Lord your Praire addresse.  
All, whom Earths round shoulders beare,  
Serve the Lord with Ioy and Feare.  
Tell Mankind, Jehovah reigns:  
He shall bind the World in Chains,  
So as it shall never slide;  
And with sacred Iustice guide.  
Let the smiling Heavens rejoyce;  
Ioyfull Earth exalt her Voice:  
Let the dancing Billowes rore;  
Echoes answer from the Shore:  
Fields their flowry Mandes shake;  
All shall in their Ioy partake:  
While the Woods Musicians sing  
To the ever-youthfull Spring.  
Fill his Courts with Sacred Mirth;  
He, he comes to judge the Earth.  
Iustly he the World shall sway,  
And his Truth to men display.

## P S. XCIII.

**O** Earth! joy in Iehovah's Raigne;  
 You numerous Iles, claspt by the Maines;  
 Him rolling clouds and shades unfold.  
 Iudgement and Truth his Throne uphold.  
 Who fiery Darts before him throwes;  
 With winged flames consumes his Foes.  
 His Lightning made a Day of Night;  
 Earth trembled at so fear'd a sight.  
 The Mountains at his Presence sweat;  
 Like pliant Wax dissolv'd with Heat;  
 At his Descension from the Skie,  
 Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie.  
 The Heavens declare his Righteousnesse;  
 His Glory wondering men confesse.  
 Let those with shame to Hell descend,  
 Whose Knees to cursed Idols bend;  
 Who Stocks for Deities implore;  
 O all you gods, our God adore.  
 Rejoicing Sion heard her King:  
 Her Daughters of his Iudgements sing.  
 Thou art exalted above all  
 Mankind, and pow'rs Angelicall:  
 Those Saints thy shady Wings protect;  
 Who Sin abhorre, and thee affect.  
 For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,  
 And Joy, which shall invest thy Vright.  
 You lust, your joyfull Hearts relate;  
 His blest Memorials celebrate.

PS. XCVIII.

**S**ing to the King of kings,  
Sing in unusuall Laies;  
That hath wrought wondrous things,  
His Conquest crown with Praise:  
Whose Armes alone,  
And sacred Hands,  
Their impious Bands  
Have overthrowne.

He Iustice brings to light;  
His saving Truth extends,  
Even in the Gentiles fight,  
To Earths remorest Ends.  
His Heavenly Grace  
At full displayd,  
And promise made  
To Jacobs Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth  
Their high Affections raise,  
With unive'sall Mirth,  
And loudly sing his Praises:  
To Musick joine  
The warbling Voice,  
Let all rejoyce  
With Ioy divine.

The sprightly Trumpet sound;  
 The shrill-voic'd Cornet bring:  
 Let all with Ioy abound  
 Before the Lord our King.  
 Rore out you Seas,  
 You spangled Skies,  
 All you comprise,  
 Rejoice with these.

Flouds clap your thringing waves;  
 You Hills exalt your mirth:  
 He, who his People saves,  
 Now comes to judge the Earth:  
 The round World shall  
 With Iustice trie;  
 His Equitie  
 Dispens't to all.

## PS. XCIX.

**L** Et our Foes with terror quake;  
 Let the Earths foundation shake:  
 Now the Lord his Raig begins,  
 Thron'd between the Cherubins,  
 O how great in Sions Towers!  
 High above all mortall Powers.  
 Great and terrible his Name:  
 Since so holy, praise the same.  
 Iudgement his great Power affects;  
 Yet by Equity directs,

These

These celestiall Twins embrace;  
 These reflect on Jacobs Race.  
 O how holy ! above all  
 Honour ; at his Footstool fall.  
 Moses ; Aaron heretofore  
 Among those who Mitres wore:  
 Samuel by Vow desir'd,  
 Among those who were inspir'd.  
 These to him their Praires prefer'd,  
 These by him as soon were heard.  
 These his Statutes rarely brake:  
 Vnto these th' Almighty spake  
 In the Pillar of a Cloud:  
 To his Service ever vow'd.  
 He did their Petitions heare,  
 Mercifull, and yet severe.  
 The Holy, on his holy Hill  
 Glorifie, and worship still.

## P S. C.

**A**ll from the Suns uprise,  
 Vnto his Setting Raies,  
 Resound in Iubilées  
 The great Iehovah's Praise.  
 Him serve alone;  
 In triumph bring  
 Your Gifts, and sing  
 Before his Throne.

Man drew from Man his Birch,

M 2

But



But God his noble Frame  
 Built of the ruddie Earth,  
 Fill'd with celestiall Flame.  
 His Sonnes we are;  
 Sheep by him led,  
 Preserv'd, and fed  
 With tender care.

O, to his Portalls presse  
 In your divine resorts:  
 With Thanks his Power professe,  
 And praise him in his Courts.  
 How good! how pure!  
 His Mercies last:  
 His Promisepast  
 For ever sure.

## P S. CI.

**O**F Justice I and Mercie sing,  
 Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountain Spring;  
 The Graces that adorn a King.

Grave VVisdome shall my Steps direct,  
 No Vice my Heart nor Roose infect.  
 VVhen wilt thou visit thine Elect!

No Pleasure shall mine Eyes misguide:  
 Who from the Tract of Virtue slide;  
 Just Hate shall from my Soul divide.

VVho

VVho Mischief in their Hearts contrive,  
Delight in Wrong, in Factions strive,  
I from my peacefull Court will drive.

Who hath his Friend with Slander strook,  
I will cut off; nor ever brook  
A proud Heart, and a haughty Look.

Mine Eyes the Faithfull shall observe;  
Those in my Familie shall serve,  
VVho never from pure Virtue swerve.

But who are exercis'd in Guile,  
VVhose Tongues malicious Lies defile,  
I from my Presence will exile.

And all the VVicked in the Land  
VVill cut off with a timely Hand;  
Nor shall they in Gods Citie stand.

## P. S. CII.

**A** Ccept my Prayers, nor to the Crie  
Of my Affliction stop thine Eare:  
Lord, in the time of Miseric  
And sad restraint serene appeare:  
The Sighings of my Spirit heare;  
And when I call, with speed replie,

As Smoke, so fleets my Soul away;  
My marrow dry'd, as Harth with heat:

M 3

My

My heart struck down, like withered Hay;  
 Through Sorrow I forlake my meat,  
 While meagre cares my Liver eate:  
 The clinging Skin my Bones display.

Like Desert-haunting Pelicans;  
 In Cities not lesse desolate;  
 Like Screech-Owles, who with ominous straines  
 Disturb the Night, and day-light haire;  
 A Sparrow which hath lost his Mate,  
 And on a Pinacle complains.

Reviling Foes my Honour blast,  
 And franrick men my ruin sweare.  
 For Bread, I roll'd on ashes cast;  
 Each drop I drink mixt with a teare.  
 For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can beare!  
 Thou raisest, and dost headlong cast.

My Daies short, as the Evening shade;  
 As Morning Dew consume away:  
 As Grasse cut downe with Siches, I fade;  
 Or like a flower crop't yesterday.  
 But, Lord, thou suffer'st no decay;  
 Thy Promises shall never vade.

For thou shalt from thy Rest arise,  
 (Since now th' appointed time drawes neare)  
 And look on Sions miseries;  
 Her Walls and batter'd Buildings reare;  
 Whose ruins to thy Saints are deare;  
 For they her Dust as sacred prise.

In Ed.  
 bylm,  
 &c.

Thy Name then shall the Gentiles praise;  
 All Kings thy Honour celebrate:  
 For when the Lord shall Sion raise,  
 His Glorie shall ascend in State:  
 So prone to heare the Desolate,  
 And succour them in all affaires,

Vnto eternall Memorie  
 Our Histories shall this record;  
 And all that are created by  
 His pow'rfull Hand, shall feare the Lord,  
 Who doth such Grace to his afford,  
 And on the Earth looks from on high;

To heare the penfive Captives grone;  
 The Sonnes of Death by him unbound:  
 His Name againe in Sion known,  
 That Salem may his Praise resound:  
 When in his Service all the Round  
 Of Earth shall there be joind in one.

Yet, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast  
 Consum'd my strength, abridg'd my yeares;  
 Before my Noon of Life be past  
 Let me not die thus drown'd in teares.  
 Time waits not thee, which all out-wears;  
 Thy happy Daies for ever laste.

Thou mad'st the Earth, thou didst display  
 The Heavens in various motion roll'd:  
 These and their Glories shall decay;  
 But thou shalt thy existence hold:

They like a Garment shall grow old,  
And in their changes passe away.

But thou art still the same: before  
The VVorld, and after shalt remaine,  
You blessed Soules, who God adore,  
VVith Patient Hope your harmes sustaine:  
For you shall prosper in his Reign;  
And yours subsist for evermore.

## P S. CIII.

**M**Y Soul, and all my Faculties  
Ilehoval praise; sing till the Skies  
Re-echo his ascending Fame:  
My Soul, O celebrate his Name!  
Nor ever let the memorie  
Of his surpassing Favours die.  
He gently pardons our misdeeds,  
And cures the Wound which inward bleeds,  
Hath from the Chains of Death unbound;  
VVith Clemencie and Mercie crown'd,  
VVith Food our Hunger he subdues;  
And Eagle-like our Youth renews,  
His Iustice he extends to all;  
Oppressors by his Vengeance fall.  
His sacred Paths to Moses shown;  
His Miracles to Israel known:  
From him the Springs of Mercie flow;  
Swift to forgive, to anger slow.  
For he will not for ever chide;  
Nor constant to his Wrath abide:

But



But mildly from his Rage relents,  
 And shortens our due Punishments.  
 For as the Heavens in amplitude  
 Exceed the Centre they include;  
 So ample is his Clemencie  
 To all who on his Grace relie.  
 As farre as the bright Orient  
 Is distant from the Sunnes Descent;  
 So farre he sets from his Aspect  
 Their Guilt, who him with feare affect,  
 And as a Father to his Child,  
 So soft, so quickly reconcil'd.  
 He knowes the Fabrick of us all;  
 That dust is our originall.  
 Man flourisheth like Grasse, a Flower  
 That blowes and withers in an houre:  
 By scorching heat, by blasting Wind  
 Dellow'd, and leaves no print behind.  
 But his firm Mercie shall embrace  
 His Saints for ever, and their Race;  
 Those who his equall Lawes fulfill,  
 Remember, and performe his Will.  
 In Heaven the great Iehovah reigns,  
 And governs all that Earth contains;  
 You Angels, who in strength exceed,  
 Who him obey with winged speed;  
 You ordred Hosts of radiant Starres;  
 O you his flaming Ministers;  
 All, whom his Wisdome did create;  
 Through his large Empire celebrate  
 His glorious Name with sweet accord:  
 Joine thou, my Soule, to praise the Lord.

**M**Y ravisht Soule, great God, thy praises sing;  
 Whom Glory circles with her radiant Wings,  
 And Majesty invests: then Day more bright;  
 Cloth'd with the beames of new created Light.  
 He, like an all unfolding Canopy,  
 Fram'd the vast concave of the spangled Skie:  
 And in the Aer-embraced Waters set  
 The Basis of his hanging Cabinet.  
 Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;  
 And with a reigne the flying Tempest guides.  
 Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made;  
 By flame-dispersing Seraphims obey'd.  
 The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Floud;  
 In whose calme bosome unscene Mountaines stood.  
 At his rebuke it shrunke with sudden dread,  
 And from his voices Thunder swiftly fled.  
 Then Hills their late concealed Heads extend,  
 And sinking Valleies to their Feet descend.  
 The trembling Waters through their bottomes  
 winde,  
 Till they the Sea, their Nurse and Mother, finde.  
 He to the swelling Waves prescribe a bound;  
 Left Earth againe should by their rage be drown'd.  
 Springs through the pleasant Medows powre their  
 drils,  
 Which Snak-like glide between the bordering Hills;  
 Till they to Rivers grow; where beasts of prey  
 Their thirst assuage, and such as man obey.

In neighboring Groves the Aers Musicians sing,  
 And with their Musicke entertaine the Spring.  
 He from cœlestiall Casements shewres distills,  
 And with renew'd increase his Creature fills.  
 He makes the foodfull Earth her fruit produce;  
 For Cattell grasse, and Herbs for humane use.  
 The spreading Vine long purple clusters bears,  
 Whole juice the hearts of pensive Mortals chears:  
 Fat Olives smooth our browes with suppling Oile;  
 And strengthening Corn rewards the Reapers toile.  
 His Fruit affording trees with sap abound.  
 The Lord hath Lebanon with Cedars crown'd:  
 They to the warbling Birds a shelter yield,  
 And wandring storks in lofty Fir-trees build.  
 Wild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge tie;  
 And Conies in the Rockes darke entrailes lie.  
 He guides the changing Moones alternat face:  
 The Suns diurnall and his annuall Race.  
 'Twas he that made the al-informing Light;  
 And with darke shadowes cloths the aged Night.  
 Then Beasts of prey breake from their Mountaine  
 Caves;  
 The roaring Lyon pinch't with hunger craves  
 Food from his hand; But when Heavens greatest  
 Fire  
 Obscures the Stars, they to their dens retire.  
 Men with the Morning rise, to labour prest;  
 Toile all the Day, at Night returne to rest.  
 Great God! how manifold; how infinite  
 Are all thy workes! with what a cleere foresight  
 Didst thou create and multiply their birth!  
 Thy riches fill the far extended Earth.

The ample Sea; in whose unfathom'd Deep  
 Innumerable sorts of Creatures creep:  
 Bright-scaled Fishes in her Entrailles glide,  
 And high-built Ships upon her bosome ride:  
 About whose sides the crooked Dolphin plays,  
 And monstrous Whales huge spouts of water raise,  
 All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred,  
 On thee depend; in their due season fed.  
 They gather what thy bounteous Hands bestow,  
 And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.  
 When thou contract'st thy clouded Brows, they moe  
 And dying, to their former dust return.  
 Again created by thy quickning breath,  
 To resupply the Malsacres of Death.  
 No tract of Time his Glory shall destroy:  
 He in th' Obedience of his Works shall joy:  
 But when their wild revok's his Wrath provoke,  
 Earth trembles, and the aerie Mountains smoke.  
 I all my life will my Creator praise;  
 And to his Service dedicate my Daies.  
 May he accept the Musicke of my Voice,  
 While I with sacred Harmonie rejoyce.  
 Hence you profane, who in your Sinnes delight,  
 God shall extirp, and cast you from his Sight.  
 My Soul, bleste thou this all-commanding King,  
 You Saints and Angels, Hallelu-jah sing.

PS. CV.

TO God O pay your vows; invoke his Name  
 And to the World his noble Acts proclaime

O sing his praises in immortall Verse,  
And his stupendious Miracles reherſel  
You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;  
His power adore; for ever ſeeke his Face.  
Old Abrahams Seed, you Sons of the Elect;  
You Iſraelites; O you, who God affect,  
Report the Wonders by his finger wrought,  
When in your cauſe th' inferiour creatures fought.  
Iehovah rules the many-peopled Earth;  
His judgment knowne to all of humane birth.  
He never will forget his promiſe paſt;  
His Covenants inviolable laſt,  
Which he to faithfull Abraham made before,  
And after to the holy Iſaac ſwore:  
To Iacob ſign'd, confirm'd to Iſrael;  
That their large Off-ſpring ſhould in Canaan dwell.  
When they, but few in number, wandered  
In unknowne Regions, and their Cattell fed:  
He did their lives from violence protect,  
And for their ſakes even mighty Princes checkt.  
Touch not, ſaid he, my Anoynted: feare to wrong  
Thoſe ſacred Prophets, who to me belong.  
When raging Famin in theſe Climats reign'd,  
He broke the Staſſe of Bread, which life ſuſtein'd:  
But Ioseph ſent before them; ſold to ſave  
His Brethren, by whoſe envie made a ſlave.  
There for th' Accuſers guilt in priſon thrown;  
With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknown;  
Tri'd with affliction, at the time decreed,  
At once by Pharaoh both advanc'd and freed.  
He of his houſhold gave him the command,  
And made him Ruler over all his Land:

His



His Princes to his goverment Subjects.  
The prudent Youth grave Senators directs,  
Then aged Iacob into Egypt came,  
And sojourn'd in the fruitfull Fields of Ham.  
God in that Land his people multipli'd;  
Their Foes, w<sup>ch</sup> now their greater strength envi'd,  
Hate what they feare: he alienates their hearts,  
To seeke their ruine by deceitfull Arts.  
Then Moses on a sacred Embassie  
And Aaron sent; th' Elect of the most High.  
There wrought his dreadfull Wonders; from the Ile  
Of Sea-girt Pharos to the Fals of Nile.  
He bad Cimmerian darknesse dimme the Day:  
Th' assembled Vapours his commands obey.  
He their seven chanel'd Waters turn'd to Bloud;  
The Fishes strangled in their native Flood.  
Frogs from the slimy Earth in Millions spring;  
And skip about the Chambers of the King.  
All parts with swarms of noisome Flies abound:  
And Lice, like quickned dust, crawl on the ground.  
He storms of killing Haile, for Showers, bestowes;  
And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws:  
Blasts all the Vines, and Fig trees in the Land;  
The Woods, with Tempests rorne, or naked stand.  
Innumerable Locusts these succeed;  
And Caterpillars on their leavings feed:  
They bite the tender Herbe, the bud, and flower,  
And all the vird ure of the Earth devoure.  
Their Strength (the First borne) flew: which sh<sup>d</sup>  
their cares  
With Female Screeches, & their hearts with feares,  
Then he the Hebrews out of Goshen brought,

In able health, with Gold, and Silver stange.  
 Th' inhabitants, whose teares augment the Nile,  
 At their departure Ioy, and Feare exile.  
 A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread;  
 And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led.  
 At their request he sends them showres of Quailes;  
 And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hailes.  
 Cleaves the hard Rocks, from whence a Fountaine  
 flowes,

And unknowne Rivers to those Deserts showes:  
 For he his sacred Promise call'd to minde,  
 To Abraham his Friend and Servant sign'd.  
 Thus he his People brought from servitude,  
 Whose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.  
 From hence the Heathen by our Weapons chac'd;  
 And us his sonnes in their possessions plac'd:  
 That from his Statutes we might never swerve.  
 O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve!

## P S. CVI.

**W**ith gratefull hearts Iehovahs praise re-  
 sound;

In goodnes great; whose Mercy hath no bound.  
 What Language can expresse his mighty deeds,  
 Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds!  
 Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe,  
 Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.  
 Great God, O with benevolent aspect  
 (Even with the love thou bear'st to thine Elect)  
 Behold and succour; That my ravish'd Eies  
 Ma

May see a period of their miseries,  
Who thee adore : that I may give a voice  
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoice.  
We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;  
Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.  
They of thy Miracles in Ægypt wrought,  
So full of Feare and Wonder, never thought;  
Thy Mercies then their haire in number mote :  
But murmur'd on the Erythrean Shore.  
Yet for his Honour sav'd them from the Foe,  
That all the World his wondrous Powre might know.  
There the commanded Sea asunder rent,  
While Israel through his dustie Chancel went :  
Whom he from Pharaoh and his Armie saves;  
The swift-returning Flouds their fatall Graves.  
Then they his Word believ'd, and sung his Praise :  
Yet soon forgot, and wandred from his Waics,  
Who long for flesh to pamper their excesses,  
And tempt him in the barren Wildernesse.  
He grants their wish, and with a Flight of Fowles  
Sent meagre Death into their hungry Soules.  
They Moles gentle Government oppose ;  
And envie Aaron, whom the Lord had chose.  
The yawning Earth then in her silent womb  
Did Dathan and Abirams Troups intomb.  
A swiftly-spreading Fire among them burnes,  
And those Conspirators to Ashes turnes.  
Yet they, the slaves of Sin, in Horeb made  
A Calfe of Gold, and to an Idol praid.  
The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they  
For th' Image of a Beast that feeds on Hay :  
Forgot their Saviour, all his VVonders shown

In Zaan, and the Plains by Nile overflow'd;  
 The VVonders acted by his powerfull Hand;  
 Where the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command,  
 God had pronounc'd their ruine: Moses then,  
 His Servant Moses, and the best of Men,  
 Stood in the Breach which their Rebellion made;  
 And by his Praire the hand of Vengeance stay'd.  
 Yea they this fruitfull Paradise despis'd,  
 Nor his so oft-confirm'd Promise priz'd:  
 But mutined against their faithfull Guide,  
 And basely witha they had in Egypt dy'd.  
 For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadfull Hand,  
 To overthrow them on th' Arabian Sand;  
 To scatter their rebellious Seed among  
 Their Foes; expos'd to Poverty and Wrong.  
 Besides; Beel-Peor they ador'd, and fed  
 On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.  
 Thus their Impieties the Lord incens'd,  
 Who smote them with devouring Pestilence.  
 But when with noble anger Phinehas slew  
 The bold Offenders, he his Plagues with drew.  
 This was repur'd for a righteous Deed,  
 Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.  
 So they at Meribah his Anger mov'd;  
 The sacred Prophet for their sake reprov'd.  
 Their Cries his Saint-like sufferance provoke;  
 Who rashly in his Soules distemper spoke,  
 Nor ever entred the affected Land.  
 They, still rebellious to divine command,  
 Preserv'd those Nations by his Wrath subdu'd;  
 Mixt with the Heathen, and their Sins pursu'd.  
 Their cursed Idols serve, with Rites profane,

May see a period of their miseries;  
Who thee adore : that I may give a voice  
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoice.  
We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;  
Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.  
They of thy Miracles in Egypt wrought,  
So full of Feare and Wonder, never thought;  
Thy Mercies then their hairens in number more :  
But murmur'd on the Erythrean Shore.  
Yet for his Honour sav'd them from the Foe,  
That all the World his wondrous Powre might know  
There the commanded Sea asunder rent,  
While Israel through his dustie Chanel went :  
Whom he from Pharaoh and his Armie saves;  
The swift-returning Flouds their fatall Graves.  
Then they his Word believ'd, and sung his Praise :  
Yet soon forgot, and wandred from his Waics.  
Who long for flesh to pamper their excesses;  
And tempt him in the barren Wildernesse.  
He grants their wish, and with a Flight of Fowles  
Sent meagre Death into their hungry Soules.  
They Moses gentle Government oppose ;  
And envie Aaron, whom the Lord had chose.  
The yawning Earth then in her silent womb  
Did Dathan and Abirams Troups intomb.  
A swiftly-spreading Fire among them burnes,  
And those Conspirators to Ashes turnes.  
Yet they, the slaves of Sin, in Horeb made  
A Calfe of Gold, and to an Idol praid.  
The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they  
For th' Image of a Beast that feeds on Hay :  
Forgot their Saviour, all his VVonders shown



In Zaan, and the Plaine by Nile overflow'd;  
 The VVonders acted by his powerfull Hand;  
 Where the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command:  
 God had pronounc'd their ruine: Moses then,  
 His Servant Moses, and the best of Men,  
 Stood in the Breach which their Rebellion made;  
 And by his Praire the hand of Vengeance stay'd:  
 Yet they this fruitfull Paradise despis'd,  
 Nor his so oft-confirmed Promise priz'd:  
 But mutin'd against their faithfull Guide,  
 And basely wish'd they had in Egypt dy'd:  
 For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadfull Hand,  
 To overthrow them on the Arabian Sand;  
 To scatter their rebellious Seed among  
 Their Foes; expos'd to Poverty and Wrong:  
 Besides; Beel-Peor they ador'd, and fed  
 On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.  
 Thus their Impieties the Lord intese,  
 Who smote them with devouring Pestilence:  
 But when with noble anger Phinehas slew  
 The bold Offenders, he his Plagues with drew:  
 This was repur'd for a righteous Deed,  
 Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.  
 So they at Meribah his Anger mov'd;  
 The sacred Prophet for their sake reprov'd:  
 Their Cries his Sainr-like sufferance provoke;  
 Who rashly in his Soules distemper spoke,  
 Nor ever entred the affected Land.  
 They, still rebellious to divine command,  
 Preserv'd those Nations by his Wrath subdu'd;  
 Mixt with the Heathen, and their Sins pursu'd,  
 Their cursed Idols serve, with Rites profane,

N

(Snare)

In

(Snares to their Soule) and from no Crime abstain  
 Their Sons and Virgin-daughters sacrifice  
 To Devils; and look on with tearelesse eyes.  
 Defil'd the Land with innocent blood, which sprung  
 From their own loines, on flaming Altars flung.  
 Vnto adulterate Deities they praid,  
 And worshipped those Gods their hands had made.  
 These crying Sinnes exasperate the Lord;  
 Who now his own Inheritance abhor'd:  
 Given up unto the Heathen for a Prey;  
 Slaves to their Foes; who hate them most, obey.  
 Deliver'd oft; as oft his Wrath provoke,  
 And with increasing Sinnes renew their Yoke.  
 Yet he compassionates their miseries,  
 And with soft pity heares their mournfull Cries;  
 His former Promise calls to mind; relents;  
 And in his Mercie of his Wrath repents.  
 In salvage Hearts unknown Compassion bred,  
 By whom but lately into thraldome led.  
 Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,  
 And from among the Barbarous recollect:  
 That we to thee may dedicate our Daies,  
 And jointly triumph in thy glorious Praise.  
 Blest, O for ever blest, be Israels King:  
 All you his People, Hallelu-jah sing.

*Amén, Amén!*

**A PAR:**

179  
A PARAPHRASE VPON THE  
FIFTH BOOKE OF  
THE PSALMES OF  
DAUID.

PSALM. CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore,  
Whose Sea of Mercie hath no Shore.  
O you by Tyrants late oppress,  
Now from your servile Yokes releas,  
Praise him, who your Redemption wrought,  
And home from barbarous Nations brought,  
From where the Morn her Wings displaies;  
From where the Evening crowns the Daies;  
Beneath the burning Zone, and neare  
The Influence of the freezing Beare,  
They in unpeopled Deserts straid;  
The Heavens their Roofe, the Clouds their shade;  
Their Soules with thirst and hunger faint;  
None by, to pity their Complaint;  
When to the Lord their God they cry'd,  
His Mercie their extremes supply'd.  
He led them through the Wildernesse,  
And gave them Cities to possesse.  
O you, his Goodnesse celebrate!  
His Acts to all the World relate!  
For he in foodlesse Deserts fed  
The Hungrie with celestially Bread.

From wondring Rocks new Currents roul,  
To satisfie the thirsty Soule;  
Those Rebels, who his Counsil slight,  
Imprison'd in the shades of Night;  
Horrors of Guilt their Souls surprife:  
When humbled with their miseries,  
They to the Lord addrest their Praires;  
His Mercie comforts their Despaire,  
From Darknesse drawes, dissolves their Gieues;  
And from Deaths lawes preserves their lives,  
O you his Goodnesse celebrate;  
His Acts to all the VWorld relate.  
He breaks Steel-barres, and Gates of Brasse,  
To force a way for his to passe.  
Those Fools, whom pleasing Sinnes intice,  
Are punisht by their darling Vice.  
Their Souls all sorts of Food distaste:  
VVhom Troops of pale Diseases waste:  
VVhen they to God direct their Prairs,  
His Mercie comforts their Despaire.  
His Word restores them from their Graves,  
And from a dreadfull ruine saves.  
O you his Goodnesse celebrate!  
His Acts to all the World relate!  
Due Praises to his Altar bring,  
And of your great Redemption sing,  
VVho saile upon the toiling Main,  
And traffick in pursuit of Gain,  
To such his Power is not unknown,  
Nor wonders in the Ocean shown.  
At his Command black Tempests rise;  
Then mount they to the troubled Skies,

Thence

Thence sinking to the Depths below.  
The Ship Hulls as the Billows flow;  
And all aboard at every seale,  
Like Drunkards, on the hatches reele.  
When they to God direct their Praires,  
His Mercie comforts their Despairs.  
Forthwith the bitter Storms asswage,  
And foming Seas suppress their Rage:  
Then, singing, with a prosperous gale  
To their desired Harbour saile.  
O you his Goodnesse celebrate;  
His Acts to all the World relate:  
His Fame in your Assemblies raise,  
And in the sacred Senate praise.  
He Rivers turns to Wildernesse;  
Springs dry'd up by the Suns access.  
To scourge their Sins, he makes the Soile  
Vngratefull to the Owners toile;  
Turns sandy Deserts into Pools,  
And parched Earth with Fountains cools:  
There plants his hungry Colonies,  
Where strongly-fenced Cities rise:  
The Fields their yellow Manders weare,  
And spreading Vines full clusters beare.  
They infinitely multiply;  
Their Herds of no diseases die.  
But when their Sinnes his Wrath incense,  
Then Famine, Warre, and Pestilence  
Their miserable Lives devour:  
Their Princes he deprives of Powre,  
Who in the Path-lesse Wildernesse  
Conceal'd themselves from Mans access.

The



The Poore he raiseth from the ground;  
 Their Families like flocks abound.  
 The Iust shall this with joy behold;  
 Th' Vnjust with feare and shame controll'd.  
 The Wise these Changes will record,  
 That they may know and serue the Lord.

## P S. CVIII.

**M**Y Thoughts the Lord their Object make;  
 Before the ruddy Morning spring,  
 My Glory of his Praise shall sing.  
 Awake, my Lute; my Harp, awake;  
 While I to all the World rehearse  
 His praises in a living Verse.

Thy Mercie (O how great!) extends  
 Above the Starrie Firmament;  
 Still unto tender pity bent:  
 Thy Truth the soaring clouds transcends;  
 Thy Head above the Heavens erect;  
 Thy Glory on the Earth reflects.

O heare us, who thy aid implore;  
 And with thy own Right hand defend:  
 To thy Beloved Succour send,  
 God by his Sanctitie thus swore;  
 I Succoths Valley will divide:  
 In Sichems Spoils be magnifi'd.

Manassch, Gilead, both are mine:  
 Ephraim



Ephraim my Strength, in Battaille bold.  
Thou Iudah, shalt my Scepter hold.  
I will triumph o're Palestine.  
Bale Servitude shall Moab waste.  
O're Edom I my Shoo will cast.

Who will our forward Troups direct  
To Rabbah strongly fortified?  
Or into sandie Edom guide?  
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,  
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,  
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

When Death and Horrore most affright,  
Doest thou our troubled Souls sustaine.  
For O, the help of Man is vaine!  
Leade; and we valiantly shall fight.  
Thy Feet our foes shall trample downe;  
Thy Hands our browes with Conquest crown.

## Ps. CIX.

**M**Y God, my Glory, leave not in Distresse;  
Nor let prevailing Fraud the Truth oppresse.  
They who delight in Subtilties and VVrongs,  
Afflict me with the Poison of their Tongues.  
VVith Slander and Detraction gird me round,  
And would, without a Cause, my life confound.  
Good turnes with evill proudly recompense,  
And Love with Hate; my Merit my offence.  
But I in these Extremes to thee repaire, And

And poure out my perplexed Soul in Praise.  
Subject him to a Tyrants stern command;  
Subverting Satan place at his Right hand;  
Found guilty, when arraign'd: in that fear'd time  
Let his rejected Praises augment his Crime,  
May he by violence unrimely die,  
And let another his Command supplie,  
Let his distressed Widow weep in vaine;  
His wretched Orphans to deaf Eares complain.  
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread;  
And in unpeopled Deserts seeke their bread.  
Let griping Usurers divide his Spoil;  
And Strangers reap the harvest of his toil.  
In his long misery may he find no Friend;  
None to his Race so much as Pity lend.  
Let his Posterity be overthrown;  
Their Names to the succeeding Age unknown.  
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;  
His Mothers Infamie before him set.  
O let them be the Object of his Eye,  
Till hee out-root their hated Memorie:  
That to the wretched would no Mercie show;  
But cruelly pursu'd his Overthrow.  
Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite,  
On his own head let his dire Curses light.  
He hated Blessing; never he he blest;  
Let cursing like a Robe his Loines invest;  
And like a satall Girdle gird him round;  
As he with Execrations did abound.  
Let them like Water in his Bowells boile,  
And ear into his Bones like burning Oile.  
Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,

Who

Who seek to blast me with malicious lies.  
 But, Lord, in my deliverance proclaim  
 Thy Mercy, for the honor of thy Name.  
 For I am poore, with misery oppress;  
 My wounded heart bleeds in my panting breast.  
 I like the Evening shadow am declin'd,  
 And like the Locust toss'd with every Wind.  
 My feeble knees beneath their burden bend;  
 My Flesh with fasting pale, my Bones ascend.  
 Reproach hath seiz'd on me; my Foes revile;  
 And in derision shake their heads, and smile.  
 My God, O snatch me from the swallowing grave!  
 Thy servant with accustomed Mercy save:  
 That they may know it was thy powerfull Hand;  
 And how I by divine supportance stand.  
 Still may they vainly curse whom thou dost bless;  
 And pine with envy at my good success.  
 Let them be cloth'd with shame. O berispe their  
 Confusion on them like a Mantle throwne.  
 But I thy praise will daily celebrate;  
 And to the multitude thy Deeds relate:  
 That hast th' afflicted Soule from sorrow freed,  
 And from their snages, who had his death decreed.

## P S. CXI.

**T**He Lord unto my Lord hath spake,  
 Sit at my right hand, till I make  
 A Foot-stool of thy Foes.

He will thy Rod from Zion send,

Vnto

Vnto whose Power all powers shall bend,  
That dare thy Rule oppose.

Thy People willingly shall pay  
Their vows in that triumphant Day,  
With their united Powers;

Araid in Ephods; nor so few  
As are those Pearles of morning-dew,  
Which hang on Herbs and Flowers.

Ne swore, who never Oth did breake,  
Of th' order of Melchisedek

That thou a Priest should'st raigne:  
Even while the Sun disperst his Light;  
While Moones should rule the alternate Night,  
Or Stars their course maintaine,

God, in that Day at thy right hand,  
Their Blood, who Tyrant-like command,  
Shall in his fury spill.

He in his iustice shall confound  
The Heathen, and the purple ground  
With heaps of slaughter fill.

Who over many Nations sway,  
And onely their owne Wills obey,  
Shall sinke beneath his rage.

Then shall this al-subduing King  
With Water of the Crystall Spring  
His burning thirst assuage.

## P S. CXI.

**M**Y Soule the honour of our King  
 Shall in the great Assembly sing.  
 Great are the wonders he hath showne;  
 With joy by their admirers knowne.  
 His glorious deeds all praise transcend;  
 His equall iustice knowes no end:  
 Left in eternall Moniments;  
 Whose Mercy Death and Hell prevents:  
 Feeds those who feare his Name, and will  
 His Promise faithfully fulfill.  
 Who planted with a powerfull Hand  
 His people in this pleasant Land.  
 Iust Iudgment executes; directs  
 By sacred Lawes; and Truth affects.  
 These tretting Time shall never waste;  
 But squar'd by iustice ever last.  
 His Word to us confirm'd by deed;  
 So often from oppression freed.  
 His Name is terrible to all:  
 His feare is the Originall  
 Of Wisdome; and they onely wise,  
 Who make his Lawes their exercise.  
 His praise, while men have memory  
 And power of speech, shall never die.



## P S. CXII.

*Habakkuk.*

**T**hat man is blest who fears the Lord,  
 And cheerfully obeys his Word.  
 His Seed shall flourish on the Earth;  
 Their Off-spring happy from their birth;  
 His House with riches shall abound:  
 His truth with endless honour crown'd.  
 To him in darkness light ascends:  
 Mild, gracious, just in all his ends.  
 His bounty for the poore provides:  
 Discretion all his actions guides.  
 No violence shall cast him downe;  
 No time deface his just renowne;  
 Nor rumours shake his confidence:  
 The Lord his Hope, and strong Defence:  
 Confirm'd in fearlesse fortitude,  
 Till he have all his Foes subdu'd.  
 He the necessitated feeds.  
 The honour of his vertuous Deeds  
 Shall live in sacred memory:  
 His Glories shall ascend on high.  
 Th' unjust inrag'd their teeth shall grind,  
 And languish with the griefe of mind;  
 Pall envy shall their flesh consume,  
 And all their hopes convert to fume.

PS. CXIII. 2 17

*Holden John*

**O** You, who serve the living Lord,  
Due praise to his Name afford:  
Now and for ever celebrate;  
Let All his noble Acts relate.  
Even from the purple Morn arise,  
To where the Evening fleeces the Skies,  
All power to his Dominion bends:  
His Glory the Bright Stars transcend.  
What God can be compar'd with ours?  
Who Thron'd in Heavens superior towers  
Submits himselfe to guide and move  
All that is done in Heaven above:  
And from that height vouchsafes to throw  
His eyes on us, who creepe below.  
The poore he raiseth from the Dust:  
Even from the Dunghill lifts the lust;  
Whom he to height of honour brings,  
And sets him in the Throne of Kings.  
He fructifies the barren Womb:  
The Childlesse, *Much* now become:

*Holden John*

## P S. CXIV.

**W**hen Israel left th' Egyptian Land;  
 Freed from a tyrannous command;  
 God his owne People sanctifi'd,  
 And he himselfe became their Guide.  
 Th' amazed Seas, this seeing, fled;  
 And Iordan shrunke into his Head:  
 The cloudy Mountaines skipt like Rams  
 The little Hills like frisking Lambs.  
 Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread?  
 Why Iordan, shrunk'st thou to thy Head?  
 Why, Mountaines, did you skip like Rams?  
 And why you little Hills, like Lambs?  
 Earth, tremble thou before his Face;  
 Before the God of Iacobs Race;  
 Who turn'd hard Rockes into a Lake;  
 When Springs from flinty intrailles brake.

## P S. CXV.

**W**E nothing can of merit claime;  
 Not for our sakes thy aid afford;  
 But for the honour of thy Name,  
 Thy Mercy, and unfailing Word.  
 Why should th' insulting Heathen cry;  
 Wher's now the God they vainly praise?  
 Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,  
 All underneath at pleasure swaies.

Their

Their Gods but Gold and silver be,  
Made by a fraile Artificer:  
For they have eies, that cannot see;  
Dumbe mouthes, and eares that cannot heare,  
Foolles on their Altars incense throw,  
Who nothing smell; their Feet are bound,  
Nor have they power to moove or goe:  
Their throats give passage to no sound.  
Their hands can neither give nor take;  
Vnapt to punish or defend:  
As senselesse they who Idols make,  
Or to their carved Statues bend.  
Your hopes on God, O Israel, place;  
He is your Helpe, and strong Defence:  
Be he, you Priests of Aarons Race,  
The object of your confidence.  
In him, all you that feare him, trust;  
He shall protect you in distresse.  
The Lord is of his promise just,  
And will his faithfull Servants blesse:  
The House of chosen Israel,  
And Aarons holy Family:  
The poore, and who in power excell;  
That love, and on his aid relie.  
They shall a mighty People grow,  
Their Children happy from their birth:  
He will increase of gifts bestow,  
Whose hands created Heaven and Earth.  
He in the Heaven of Heavens resides;  
And over all his Creatures reigns:  
Among the sonnes of men divides  
The Earth, and all that Earth contains.

Who

Who sleepe within the vaults of Death,  
 No Offerings to his Altars bring;  
 O praise his Name, while we have breath;  
 And lowly Hallelu-jah sing.

## P S. CXVI.

**M**Y Soule intirely shall affect  
 The Lord, whose cares my grones respect  
 In misery  
 He heard thy cry;  
 To him thy Praises direct.

Sorrows of Death my Soule assailed;  
 The greedy jaws of Hell prevaild:  
 Depest with griefe  
 When all reliefe  
 And humane pittie faild;

I cri'd; My God, O looke on me;  
 Thou ever lust, th' afflicted see.  
 O from the Grave  
 Thy Servant save;  
 For mercy lives in thee.

The innocent, th' long distressed;  
 The humble made by wrong oppressed;  
 Thy Favour still  
 Preserves from ill  
 My life, my soule, my kinde.

God



God staid my feet, and dry'd my teares;  
Redeem'd from Death, and deadly feares:  
That still I might  
Walk in his sight,  
And number many yeares.

Thus with a firme belief I praid:  
Yet in extremes of Trouble said;  
All on the Earth  
Of mortall birth,  
Even all of Lies are made.

What shall I unto God restore  
For all his Mercies? fall before  
His holy Throne,  
And him alone  
With sacred Rites adore.

I will performe my Vowes this day,  
Where they frequent, who God obey.  
Right precious is  
The Death of his:  
He sees, and will repay.

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids Seed;  
By thee from raging Tyrants freed.  
My Prairs shall rise  
In Sacrifice;  
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will performe my Vowes this day,  
Where they frequent who God obey:

Even

## PSALM. CXVII.

Even in his Court;  
Within thy Fort,  
Renowned Solyma.

## P. S. CXVII.

**Y**OU Nations of the Earth,  
Our great Preserver praise.  
All you of humane birth,  
To Heaven his Glory raise:  
Whose Mercie hath  
No end, nor bound;  
His Promise crown'd  
With constant Faith.

## P. S. CXVII.

**P**raise our good God, that King of kings,  
From whom eternall Mercie springs.  
Let Israel, let Aarons Race,  
Let all that flourish in his Grace,  
Confesse, that from the King of kings  
Eternity of Mercie springs.  
He in my trouble heard my Praises,  
And freed me from their deadly snares:  
He fights my Battails; then how can  
I feare the Power of feeble Man?  
Assists my Friends; my Enemies  
Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.  
Farre better to have Confidence  
In God, then trust to mans Defence;

On

On him much safer to relie,  
Then on the strength of Monarchie.  
The Nations all at once assail'd;  
But by his Aid my Sword prevail'd.  
Their Armies had beset me round;  
I with their Bodies strew'd the ground.  
Though they like Bees about me swarm;  
His holy Name and pow'rfull Arme  
Shall soone consume their numerous powers,  
As Fire the crackling Thorne devoures.  
Mad men! his Fall you seek in vain,  
Whom great Iehovah's Hands sustain.  
He is my Strength; his Praise my Song:  
By him preserv'd from powerfull Wrong.  
Our Tents with publike Ioy shall ring:  
The Iust of their Deliverance sing.  
He with his own Right hand hath fought;  
His own Right hand hath Wonders wrought.  
I shall not die, but live to praise  
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.  
He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;  
Yet from the Darts of Death protects.  
You to his Service sanctifi'd,  
The Temple Doores set open wide;  
That I may enter in his Name,  
And celebrate his glorious Fame.  
Those are the Doores, at which all they  
Shall enter, who his Will obey.  
His Praise with Hymnes immortalize!  
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries,  
That Stone the Builders from them cast,  
Is highest on the corner plac'd.

God hath reveal'd these Myſteries,  
 So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.  
 This is his Day : a Day of Ioy;  
 Of everlaſting Memory.  
 Great God of gods, thy King proteſt;  
 Propitious prove to thy Eleſt.  
 O bleſt be he, whom God ſhall ſend !  
 We, who within his Courts attend,  
 You from his Sanctuary bleſſe;  
 And daily pray for your ſucceſſe.  
 God, even the Lord, hath ſhed his light  
 Into our Soules, and clear'd our fight.  
 Bind to the Altars horns a Lambe,  
 New-weaned from the bleating Dam.  
 Thou art my God; my Songs ſhall praiſe,  
 And to the Starres thy Glorie raiſe.  
 Praise our good God; The King of kings;  
 From whom eternall Mercie ſprings.

## P S. CXIX.

## ALEPH.

**B**leſt are the Vndefil'd, who God obey;  
 Seek w<sup>th</sup> their hearts, nor from his Precepts ſtray.  
 No tempting Vice ſhall thoſe from Virtue draw,  
 Who with unfainting Zeale obſerve his Law.  
 Lord, by thy ſacred Rule my ſteps direct.  
 Thoſe ſhall not bluſh who thy Commands affect.  
 Thy Juſtice learnt, my Soule ſhall ſing thy Praise.  
 Forſake me not, O guide me in thy Waies !

## BETH.

Young man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide :  
 From these let not thy zealous Servant slide.  
 Thy Word, writ in my heart, shall curb my Will.  
 O teach me how I may thy Lawes fulfill !  
 Those, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.  
 Thy Testaments by me more pris'd then Gold.  
 On these I meditate, admire ; there set  
 My Souls delight : these never will forget.

## GIMEL.

O let me live & observe thy Lawes : mine Eyes  
 Illuminate to view those Mysteries.  
 Me, a poore Pilgrim, with thy Truth inspire :  
 For which my Soul even fainteth with desire.  
 The Proud is curst, who from thy Precepts straits.  
 Blesse, and preserve my Soul, which these obeies.  
 No hate of Princes from thy Law deterres :  
 My Studi-, my Delight, my Counsellors.

## DALETH.

My down-cast Soul, as thou hast promis'd, raise.  
 Thou know'st my thoughts ; direct me in thy waies.  
 Informe, and I thy Wonders will professe.  
 O strengthen me, that labour in Distresse !  
 Shew thy cleare Paths, false Errours mist remov'd.  
 I have thy chosen Truth and Iudgements lov'd.  
 To these I cleave : O shield me from Disgrace.  
 Inlarge my heart to runne that Heavenly race.



## HE.

Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will observe:  
 Nor from that sacred Knowledge ever swerve.  
 My Soul to those delightfull Paths confine:  
 From Avarice purge, and to thy Lawes incline.  
 Divert from vain desires, my darknesse cleare,  
 Confirm the Soul devoted to thy Feare.  
 Free from fear'd shame: thy Iudgements are upright,  
 O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

## VAV.

His Soul protect, who on thy Word relies;  
 And silence my reprochfull Enemies.  
 O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preserve:  
 So I thy Lawes for ever shall observe;  
 Will freely walk in thy affected way:  
 Will boldly before Kings thy Truth display.  
 For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;  
 Those studie, love, and with my Soule embrace.

## VAIN.

Think of thy Promise, which my Hopes hath fed,  
 All stormes appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.  
 Nor for proud scoffs have I thy Lawes declin'd:  
 Confirm'd, when I thy Iudgements call to mind.  
 They, who thy Lawes desert, incense my rage:  
 Sung in the mansion of my Pilgrimage.  
 Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others slept;  
 This comfort had, since I thy Statutes kept.



## CHETH.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore,  
 Thy Lawes observe, and promis'd Grace implore,  
 My Actions by thy sacred Rules direct;  
 And thy Commands with forward Zeale effect.  
 The Wicked rob; but I thy Statutes prize:  
 At Midnight to applaud thy Iustice rise.  
 Who feare and keep thy Lawes, such are my Friends,  
 Instruct; thy Mercie through the World extends.

## TETH.

Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy Word:  
 Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.  
 Thou Sea of Goodnesse, that my Soule conformes  
 Vnto thy Statutes, by Afflictions stormes.  
 The Proud, sat at the Heart, base Slanders raise:  
 But I will trust in thy affected Waies,  
 Meblest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.  
 Thy Laws more pris'd then Ships with treasure fraught.

## IOD.

Inform me, my Creator, in thy Lawes;  
 That thine may see thy Observer with applause.  
 Thou ever just, in favour dost correct.  
 With promis'd Mercie comfort thine Elect.  
 That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;  
 Those keep; the Proud, who causelesse hate, destroy.  
 Who feare and know thy Lawes, to me unite:  
 O, lest I perish, guide me by their light.

HE.

Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will observe:  
 Nor from that sacred Knowledge ever swerve.  
 My Soul to those delightfull Paths confine:  
 From Avarice purge, and to thy Lawes incline.  
 Divert from vain desires, my darknesse clear.  
 Confirm the Soul devoted to thy Feare.  
 Free from fear'd shame: thy Iudgements are upright.  
 O quicken me, who in thy Word delight,

VAV.

His Soul protect, who on thy Word relies;  
 And silence my reprochfull Enemies.  
 O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preserve:  
 So I thy Lawes for ever shall observe;  
 Will freely walk in thy affected way:  
 Will boldly before Kings thy Truth display.  
 For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;  
 Those studie, love, and with my Soul embrace.

RAIN.

Think of thy Promise, which my Hopes hath fed,  
 All stormes appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.  
 Nor for proud scoffs have I thy Lawes declin'd:  
 Confirm'd, when I thy Iudgements call to mind.  
 They, who thy Lawes desert, incense my rage:  
 Sung in the mansion of my Pilgrimage.  
 Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others slept;  
 This comfort had, since I thy Statutes kept.

CHETH.

## GHETH.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore,  
 Thy Lawes observe, and promis'd Grace implore,  
 My Actions by thy sacred Rules direct;  
 And thy Commands with forward Zeale effect.  
 The Wicked rob; but I thy Statutes prize:  
 At Midnight to applaud thy Iustice rise.  
 Who feare and keep thy Lawes, such are my Friends.  
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## TETH.

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 Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.  
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 That thine may see thy Observer with applause.  
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 That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;  
 Those keep: the Proud, who causelesse hate, destroy.  
 Who feare and know thy Lawes, to me unite:  
 O, lest I perish, guide me by their light!

## CAPH.

With Expectation faint, and blind ; yet still  
 My Soul expects. Thy Promise, Lord, fulfill.  
 I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.  
 Confound my Foes : when shall my Sorrowes end !  
 The Proud have pitcht their toils, infrin'g'd thy Laws :  
 O sacred Iustice, snatch me from their jaws,  
 They had almost devour'd ; but I affect  
 Thy Precepts : quicken, and by those direct.

## LAMED.

Thy faithfull Promises are fixt above ;  
 Firme as the Poles, or Earth ; which never move :  
 By thy eternall Ordinance dispos'd.  
 Thy Lawes my Life ; else Grief my eyes had clos'd.  
 Nor will I these forget ; by these renew'd.  
 Thy chosen save, who hath thy Truth pursu'd.  
 The Wicked chase my Soul, which thee obeies.  
 Thy Word shall last, when Heaven and Earth decays.

## MEM.

O how I love thy Lawes ! those exercise !  
 By them made wiser then my Enemies.  
 More then my Teachers know, more then the Old :  
 With Virtue these inflame, from Vice withhold.  
 That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart :  
 And from thy Precepts never will depart :  
 Then Hermons Honey to my tast more sweet.  
 By-waies I hate ; by thine become discreet.

## NVN.

Thy Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way.  
 I sware t' observe thy Truth, and will not stray.  
 My wounded Soule with promis'd mercy heale:  
 Accept my offerings, and thy Will reveale. (laid  
 Although inclos'd with Death; though Foes have  
 Snarcs for my Soule; yet have I thee obci'd.  
 My comforts, my eternall Heritage.  
 O may I keepe them, till I die through age.

## SAMECH.

I love thy Law; my hate to sin is great:  
 O thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat!  
 My Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane.  
 Lord, save my Soule; nor let me hope in vaine.  
 Uphold; and I thy lustice shall applaud.  
 Thou hast intrapt thy Foes in their owne frand:  
 Cast out like Drosse. My heart affects thy path,  
 Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

## AII.

O leave me not to my outrageous Foes:  
 Nor to their scorn my righteous Soule expose.  
 Mine Eies even faile, while I thy aid expect.  
 Be mercifull, and in thy Waies direct.  
 Inlarge my mind, thy Waies to understand:  
 'Tis time; for they infringe thy just Command,  
 Which more then Gold; then Gold refin'd I prize;  
 In all upright, But hate deceitfull lies.

PE.



PE.

Thy Word, the Gate of Life, even Babes inspires  
 With Knowledge: this my obsequious Soule admires:  
 This I with thirstie appetite devoure.  
 Thy streams of Mercy on thy Servant powre.  
 Compose my steps: so shall not sinne subject,  
 Nor man oppresse: for I thy Lawes affect.  
 Shine on my Soule; thy Statutes teach mine Eies  
 Shed showres of teares, when men thy Lawes despise.

TSADDI.

As thou thy selfe, so all thy Lawes are just:  
 Faithfull to those, who in thy Promise trust.  
 Zeale hath consum'd me, for my Foes neglect  
 Of thy pure Lawes, which I in heart affect.  
 Those to observe, though meane and scorn'd, intend.  
 Truth crowns thy Word; thy Iustice without end.  
 These in my griefe, and trouble comfort give.  
 Informe with Knowledge, that my Soule may live.

K O P H.

O heare my cries! preserve his life, who will  
 Thy Lawes obey, and just Commands fulfill.  
 My Eies outwatch the Night; my cries prevent  
 The early Morne, in due devotion spent.  
 Heare, and revive, thy Iustice execute  
 On lawlesse men: preserve from their pursuit.  
 Thy oft tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.  
 Thy iudgments on eternall Bales stand.

RESH.

## R E S H.

Behold my sorrows; patronize my cause.  
 Thy Word performe to him, that keeps thy Laws.  
 Death shall devoure, who thy Command neglect.  
 Thou great in mercy, my sought life protect.  
 In all extreames I have thy Will observ'd  
 Grief'd, when transgressors from thy Statutes swerv'd.  
 To me, who love thy Laws, thy Grace extend,  
 Thy Truth began with Time, and knows no end.

## S C H I N.

Tyrants oppress; thy Word restraines my mind:  
 Wherein I joy like those who treasure find.  
 Fraud I abhorre; in am cur'd on thy Waies.  
 Seven times a Day my Lips thy Iustice praise.  
 Who love thy Laws, sweet peace, and safety blesse.  
 In thee I hope, nor thy just Will transgresse.  
 Thy Word observe: thy Statutes I affect;  
 Which through these humane Seas my course direct.

## T A V.

Accept my Praises: with Knowledge, Lord, induc.  
 From Death redeeme; since to thy Promise true.  
 Thy Statutes taught, I will thy praise resound.  
 Thy Word extoll, and Laws with Iustice crown'd.  
 These are my choice: uphold with thy right Hand;  
 Who feed on hope, and joy in thy Command.  
 Prolong my life, that I thy Praise may sing.  
 Lord, thy straid Sheepe backe to thy Pasture bring.

P S.

## PS. CXX.

**D**istrest, and in my mind dismayd,  
When destitute of humane aid,  
To thee successfully I prai'd.

Lord, shield me from the Fraudulent;  
From those that are on malice bent;  
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou false tongue, steep in the gall  
Of Serpents! what reward, for all  
Thy mischief, shall to thee befall!

Like Arrows shot from Parthian strings,  
Fir'd Iuniper, and Scorpions stings;  
Such art thou, O thou worst of things.

Wo's me, that I from Israel  
Exiled, must in Mesech dwell;  
And in the Tents of Ismael!

O how long shall I live with those,  
Whose savage minds sweet Peace oppose;  
Where Fury by dissuasion grows!

PS.

## P. S. CXXI.

**T**O the Hills thine eies erect,  
 Helpe from those alone expect.  
 He who Heaven and Earth hath made,  
 Shall from Sion send thee aid.  
 God thy ever-watchfull Guide,  
 Will not suffer thee to slide.  
 He, even he, who Israel keeps,  
 Never slumbers, never sleeps.  
 He, thy Guard, with Wings displaid,  
 Shall refresh thee in their shade:  
 Suns shall not with heat infect,  
 But their temperate beames reflect:  
 Nor unwholsome Serpens shall  
 From the Moons moyst influence fall.  
 When thou travaillst on the way,  
 When at home thou spend'st the Day,  
 When sweet Peace thy life delights,  
 When imbroild in bloudy Fights,  
 God shall all thy steps attend,  
 Now, and evermore defend.

## P. S. CXXII.

**O** Happy Summons! to the Court  
 And Temple of the Lord resort.  
 Ierusalem, our Feet shall tread  
 Within thy Walls! O thou the Head

Of all the Earth, and Iudahs Throne;  
 Three Cities strongly joyn'd in one!  
 The Tribes in throngs to thee ascend;  
 The Tribes which on the Lord depend:  
 Fat Offerings to his Altar bring,  
 And his immortall Praises sing,  
 There shall he his Tribunall place,  
 The Iudgment-seate of Davids Race.  
 Your ioyes shall with your daies increase,  
 Who love and pray for Salems Peace,  
 May Peace within thy Walls abound;  
 Thy Palaces with joy resound:  
 Even for my Friends and Kindreds sake,  
 May never Warre thy Bulwarks shake:  
 Even for the hope of Israel,  
 And House, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

## P S. CXXIII.

**T**hou mover of the rolling Spheres,  
 I through the Glasses of my teares,  
 To thee my Eyes erect.  
 As Servants marke their Masters hands;  
 As Maids their Mistresses commands,  
 And liberty expect:

So we, deprest by enemies,  
 And growing troubles, fix our Eyes  
 On God, who sits on High;  
 Till he in mercy shall descend



To give our miseries an end,  
And turne our reares to joy.

O save us, Lord, by all forlorne;  
The subject of contempt, and scorne.  
Defend us from their pride,  
Who live in fluency and ease;  
Who with our woes their malice please,  
And miseries deride.

## PS. CXXIV.

**B**Ut that God fought for us, may Israel say;  
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day;  
When men inflam'd with wrath, against us rose:  
We had alive beene swallowed by our Foes:  
Then had we sunke beneath the roaring Waves,  
And in their horrid entrails found our graves:  
Then had their violence, like torrents powr'd  
From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.  
O blest be God! who hath not given our blood  
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food.  
Our Soules, like Birds, have escap'd the Fowlers Net;  
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.  
Our onely confidence is in his Name,  
Who made the Earth, and Heavens immortall frame.

## P S. CXXV.

**T**hey, who the Lord their Fortresse make,  
 Shall like the Towers of Sion rise;  
 Which dreadfull Earthquakes never shake,  
 Nor raging tumults of the skie;  
 Lo! as the Hills of Solyma  
 Divine Ierusalem enclose:  
 So shall his Angels in the Day  
 Of danger, shield them from their Foes.  
 The Wicked shall not long subject  
 Their holy Race; lest through despaire  
 They should the Lawes of God neglect,  
 And be as their Commanders are.  
 Lord, to the Good be good; the Iust  
 Protect: Their punishments increase,  
 Who follow their rebellious Iust:  
 But crowne thy Israel with Peace.

## P S. CXXVI.

**W**hen God had our deliverance wrought,  
 And Sion out of Bondage brought;  
 It seem'd to us a Dream; who were  
 Distracted betweene Hope and Feare.  
 Then sacred Ioy fill'd every Brest:  
 In flowing Mirth, and Songs exprest.  
 The wondring Heathen oft would say;  
 How good! how great a God have they!

Great

Great things for us the Lord hath wrought;  
 Above the reach of humane thought;  
 We therefore will his praises sing,  
 The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring;  
 As Rivers through the parched Sand,  
 Or showres which fall on thirsty land.  
 Who sow in Teares, shall reape in Ioy.  
 We after long Captivity,  
 Vnto our native Soile retire;  
 The scope and crowne of our desire.

## P S. CXXVII.

**V**Nlesse the Lord the house sustaine,  
 They build in vaine;  
 In vaine they watch, vnlesse the Lord  
 The City guard.  
 In vaine you rise before the Light,  
 And breake the slumbers of the Night.  
 In vaine the bread of sorrow eat,  
 Got by your sweat;  
 Vnlesse the Lord with good successe  
 Your labours blesse.  
 For he all good on his bestows,  
 And crownes their eies with sweet repose.  
 Increasing sons, his Heritage,  
 Renew their age;  
 The pledges of their trustfull love,  
 Given from above:

As formidable to the Foe,  
As Arrows from a Giants bow.

He is beloy'd of God, and blest  
Above the rest;  
Whose Quivers with such Shafts abound;  
By men renown'd:  
Nor shall his adversary dread;  
When they at the Tribunall plead.

PS. CXXVII.

**H**Appy he, who God obeys,  
Nor from his direction strays:  
Thou shalt of thy labours feed;  
All shall to thy wish succeed:  
Like a faire and fruitfull Vine,  
By thy House, thy Wife shall joine:  
Sons, obedient to command,  
Shall about thy Table stand;  
Like greene plants of Olives, set  
By the moistning rivalet.  
He who feares the Power above,  
Thus shall prosper in his love.  
God shall thee from Sion blesse;  
Thou shalt joy in the successe  
Which the Lord will Salem give,  
While thou hast a day to live:  
Thou shalt see our Israels peace,  
And thy childrens large increase.

PS. CXXIX.

**O**ft from my early youth have they  
Afflicted me, may Israel say:  
Oft from my early youth affaild;  
As oft have their endeavours fail'd.  
My backe with long deepe furrows wound;  
As Plow-shares teare the patient ground.  
The ever Iust hath broke their bands,  
And sav'd me from their cruell hands.  
Let Sions Foes with infamy  
Be clothed, and untimely die.  
Be they like Corn on Houses tops,  
Which Reapers sickle never crops,  
Nor Binder in his bosome beares;  
But withers still before it cares.  
No Travailer their labours blesse,  
Nor say, We with you good successe.

PS. CXXX.

**O**ft of the horrour of the Deepe,  
Where feare and sorrow never sleepe,  
To thee my cries  
In sighes arise:  
Lord from despaire thy servant keepe:  
O lend a gracious care,  
And my petitions heare.



For if thou should'st our sinnes observe;  
And punish us, as we deserve;

Not one of all

But then must fall;

Since all from their obedience swerve:

Yet art not thou severe,

That we thy Name might feare.

Thy mercies our mis-deeds transcend:

My hopes upon thy Truth depend:

Disconsolate

On thee I waite;

As weary Centinels attend

The chearfull Morns uprise

With long-expecting eies.

O you that are of Jacobs Race,

In him your Hopes, and Comforts place;

His praises sing;

The living Spring

Of Mercy and redundant Grace:

For he will Israel

Redeeme from Sin and Hell.

P S. CXXXI.

**T**Hou Lord my witness art;

I am not proud of heart;

Nor looke with lofty eies;

None envy nor despise;

Nor to vaine pomp apply

My

My thoughts, nor sore too high;  
 But in behaviour mild;  
 And as a tender child,  
 Wean'd from his Mothers brest,  
 On thee alone I rest.  
 O Israel, adore  
 The Lord for evermore:  
 Be he the onely scope  
 Of thy unfainting hope.

## PS. CXXII.

**R**emember David, Lord; remember thou  
 His Troubles; thy Redemptions; and the Vow  
 He to the mighty God of Jacob made;  
 Bound by an Oath; and in these words conuaid:  
 No Rooffe shall cover me, nor sweet repose  
 Refresh my Limbs, or sleepe my eie-lids close,  
 Till I have found a place for his Abode;  
 Even for the Temple of the living God.  
 The Arke, we heard, in Ephrata long stood;  
 And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.  
 We will into thy Tabernacle goe,  
 And there our selves before thy Foot-stoole throw.  
 Ascend to thy eternall Rest at length;  
 Thou, and the Arke of thy admired strength.  
 O let thy Priests be cloth'd with sanctity,  
 And all thy Saints sing with triumphat joy:  
 For Davids sake receive into thy Grace:  
 From thy Anointed never turne thy Face.  
 For thus thou sworst who never will forget;

Thy Son shall long possess thy royall Seat:  
 And if thy Children my commands observe,  
 Nor from the rules of my prescription swerve;  
 Their Off-spring shall the Hebrew Sceptre sway,  
 Even while the Sun illuminates the Day.  
 For Sion I have chosen; Sion great  
 In my affections; my eternall Seat.  
 I will abundantly increase her store;  
 And with the flower of Wheat susteine her poore:  
 Her Priests shall blessings to her People bring;  
 Her joyfull Saints in sacred measures sing.  
 There shall the Horne of David freshly sprout;  
 Their lampe of glory never shall burne out:  
 His Diadem shall flourish on his head:  
 But Nets of shame his Foes shall overspread.

## P S. CXXXIII.

**O** Blest estate! blest from above!  
 When Brethren joyne in mutuall love.  
 'Tis like the precious Odors shed  
 On consecrated Aarons head:  
 Which trickled from his Beard and Breast,  
 Downe to the borders of his Vest.  
 'Tis like the pearles of Dew that drop  
 On Hermon ever-fragrant top:  
 Or which the smiling Heavens distill  
 On happy Sions sacred Hill.  
 For God hath there his favours plac'd,  
 And joy, which shall for ever last.

P S.

P S. CXXXIV.

**Y**ou, who the Lord adore,  
And at his Altar wait;  
Who keepe your watch before  
The threshold of his Gate;  
His praises sing  
By silent Night,  
Till cheerefull light  
I'th' Orient spring.

Your hands devoutly raise  
To his divine Recesse;  
The Worlds Creator praise,  
And thus the People blesse;  
The God of Love,  
From Sions Towers,  
To you and yours  
Propitious prove.

P S. CXXXV.

**O** You, who Ephods weare and Incense sing  
On sacred flames; Jehovahs praises sing.  
You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate  
His glorious Name; his noble Acts relate.  
How great a joy with such sincere delight  
To crowne the Day, and entertaine the Night!  
For Israel is his choice; and Jacobs Race

His treasure, and the object of his Grace;  
 In power how infinite! how much before  
 Those mortall gods, whom frantick men adore!  
 All on his Will depend; all homage ow,  
 In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.  
 At his command exhaled Vapors rise,  
 And in condensed clouds obscure the Skies.  
 From thence in shewres he horrid Lightning flings;  
 And from their Caves the struggling Tempests brings.  
 He the first-born of Men and Cattell slew;  
 Fresh streams of bloud the Towns & Plains imbrew.  
 Th' inhabitants that drink of Nilus flood,  
 At his confounding Wonders trembling stood.  
 Great Princes, who excell'd in fortitude,  
 And mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.  
 Strong Sihon, whom the Amorites obedi'd;  
 And strenuous Og, whose Bashans Scepter swai'd;  
 With all the Kingdomes of the Canaanites,  
 Who to the Conquerours resign'd their rights:  
 To whom he their dismantled Cities grants,  
 And in those fruitfull fields his Hebrews plants.  
 Thy Name shall last unto eternity;  
 And thy immortall Fame shall never die.  
 Thou dost thy Servant pardon and protect;  
 Advance the Humble, and the Proud deject.  
 Those helplese gods, ador'd in foreign Lands,  
 Are Gold, and Silver; wrought by humane hands:  
 Blind Eyes have they, deafe Eares, still silent Tongues;  
 Nor breath exhale from their unactive lungs.  
 Who made, resemble them; and such are those,  
 Who in such senseles Rockes their hopes repose.  
 O praise the Lord, you who from Israel spring;

His



His Praises, O you Sonnes of Aaron, singe:  
You of the House of Levi praise his Names:  
All you who God adore, his Praise proclaim:  
From Sion praise the onely Good and Great;  
Who in Ierusalem hath fixt his Seat.

PS. CXXXVI.

The Bountie of Iehovah praise:  
This God of gods all Scepters swaies.  
Thanks to the Lord  
Of lords afford;  
And his amazing Wonders blaze:  
For from the King of kings  
Eternall Mercie springs.

Him praise, who fram'd the arched Skies  
Those Orbs that move so orderlie  
Firme Earth above,  
The Floods that move  
Display'd, and rais'd the Hills on high  
For from the King of kings  
Eternall Mercie springs.

Who Sun and Moon inform'd with Light,  
To guide the Day, and rule the Night:  
The fixed Starres,  
And Wanderers  
Created by divine fore-sight.  
For from the King of kings  
Eternall Mercie springs.

The

The first-borne of Egyptians flew;  
Whose wounds the thirsty Earth imbrow:

And from that Land,  
With powerfull hand,  
Th' oppressed sonnes of Iacob drew.  
For from the King of Kings  
Eternall mercy springs.

The parted Seas before them fled,  
Who in their empty channells tread:

The joining waves,  
Egyptian graves:  
And his through food-les Deserts led.  
For from the King of Kings  
Eternall mercy springs.

Who numerous Armies put to flight,  
And mighty Princes flew in fight:

Og prostrate laid,  
Who Bashan swaid;  
And Sihon the crown'd Amorite.  
For from the King of kings  
Eternall mercy springs.

By his strong hand those Giants fell;  
And gave their Landsto Israel:

Confirm'd by deed  
Vnto their Seed:  
Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.  
For from the King of kings  
Eternall mercy springs.

Remembered

Remembred us in our distresse;  
And freed from those, who did oppresse.

He food doth give

To all that live.

The God of Heaven, O Israel, bleſſe.  
For from the King of kings  
Eternall Mercie ſprings.

## PS. CXXXVII.

**A**S on Euphrates ſhadie banks we lay,  
And there, O Sion, to thy Aſhes pay  
Our funeral teares: our ſilent Harps, unſtrung,  
And unregarded, on the Willows hung.  
Lo, they who had thy deſolation wrought,  
And captiv'd Iudah unto Babel brought,  
Deride the teares which from our Sorrowes ſpring;  
And ſay in ſcorn, A Song of Sion ſing.  
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?  
Or holy Hymnes ſing in a foreign Land?  
O Solyma! thou that art now become  
A heap of ſtones, and to thy ſelfe a Tomb!  
When I forget thee, my deare Mother, let  
My fingers their melodious ſkill forget:  
When I a joy diſjoin'd from thine, receive;  
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.  
Remember Edom, Lord, their cruell pride,  
Who in the Sack of wretched Salem cry'd;  
Down with their Buildings; raſe them to the ground;  
Nor let one Stone be on another found.

Thou

Thou Babylon, whose Towers now touch the Skies;  
 That shortly shalt as low in ruines lie;  
 O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall  
 With equal cruelty revenge our fall!  
 That dash thy Childrens braines against the stones:  
 And without pittie heare their dying groans.

## PS. CXXXVIII.

**M**Y Soul, applaud our glorious King;  
 Before the Gods his praises sing:  
 His Mercie an eternall Spring.

For this, on consecrated ground  
 Will I adore; thy Truth resound;  
 Thy Word above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cri'd;  
 When Danger charg'd on every side;  
 By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All those, who awfull Scepters beare,  
 When they of thy Performance heare,  
 Shall worship thee with reverent feare.

They shall his Truth and Mercie praise,  
 Who all the World with Iustice swaies;  
 Whose Wonders Adoration raise.

Although in thron'd above the Skies,  
 He on the lowly casts his eyes,

Bur

But doth the Insolent despise.

Though stormes of Troubles me inclose;  
Yet thou shalt save me from my Foes,  
And raise me in their overthrowes.

For God his Promise will effect;  
The Faithfull faithfully protect;  
Nor ever his own Choice reject.

PS. CXXXIX.

**T**Hou know'st me, O thou only Wise;  
See'st when I sit, and when I rise;  
Canst my concealed thoughts disclose;  
Observ'st my Labours and Repose;  
Know'st all my Counsils, all my Deeds,  
Each word which from my Tongue proceeds;  
Behind, before, by thee inclos'd;  
Thy Hand on every part impos'd.  
Such knowledge my capacitie  
Transcends; so wonderfull, so high!  
O which way shall I take my flight?  
Or where conceale me from thy sight?  
Ascend I Heaven; Heaven is thy Throne;  
Dive I to Hell; there art thou known.  
Should I the Mornings wings obtain,  
And flie beyond th' Hesperian Main;  
Thy powerfull Arme would reach me there,  
Reduce, and curb me with thy feare.  
Were I involv'd in shades of Night;  
That Darkness would convert to Light.

What



What Clouds can from discovery free !  
What Night, wherein thou canst not see !  
The Night would shine like Daies cleare flame ;  
Darknesse and Light, to thee the same.  
Thou sitt'st my reines, even thoughts to come:  
Thou cloth'dst me in my Mothers womb.  
Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd  
This Fabrick ; be thou ever prais'd.  
O full of Admiration  
Are these thy Works ! to me well-known.  
My bones were to thy view displaid,  
When I in secret shades was made ;  
When wrought by thee with curious art,  
As in the Earths inferiour part,  
On me, an Embryon, didst thou look :  
My members written in thy Book  
Before they were : which perfect grew  
In time, and open to the view.  
Thy Counsils admirable are,  
And yet as infinite as rare.  
O could I number them, farre more  
Then sands upon the murmuring shore !  
When I awake, thy VVorks againe  
My thoughts with wonder entertain.  
The VVicked thou wilt surely kill,  
Hence you, who bloud with pleasure spill.  
Their tongues thy Majestie profane ;  
They take thy sacred Name in vain.  
Lord, hate not I thy Enemies  
And grieve, when they against thee rise ?  
I hate them with a perfect hate ;  
And, as my Foes, would ruinato.



Search and explore my heart: O trie  
My thoughts, and their Integrity.  
Behold, if I from Virtue stray:  
And leade in thy eternall Way.

## P s. CXL.

**L**ord, save me from the Violent;  
From him who takes delight in ill:  
Whose heart Deceit and Mischiefe fill;  
On bloudy VVarre and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet;  
Poison of Asps their Lips inclose.  
O save from fierce and VVicked Foes;  
Who toiles, to overthrow me, set!

The Proud have hid their cords and snares;  
Spread all their Nets; their Gins have laid.  
To God, Thou art my God, I said;  
O gently heare thy Suppliants pray'rs.

My strong Preserver in the fight,  
As with a Helm, my head defends.  
Let not the Wicked gain their ends;  
Lord, lest their pride rise with their might.

Themselves let their own Slanders wound;  
Destroy Him who their furie leads.  
Let burning coles fall on their heads;  
And quenchlesse flames embrace them round.

Cast

Cast them into the Depths below;  
 From thence, O never let them rise!  
 Let Death the Slanderer surprife;  
 And Mifchief faluege Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;  
 The Poore defend from Death and Shame;  
 The Iuft fhall celebrate thy Name;  
 And ever in thy Prefence live.

## P. S. CXL I.

**T**O thee I cry; Lord, heare my cries;  
 O come with fpeed unto my aid:  
 Let my fad Praifes before thee rife,  
 Like Incenfe on the Altar laid;  
 Or as when I, with hands difplaid,  
 Prefent my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian fet;  
 My Lips with barres of Silence clofe.  
 O let me not thy Lawes forget;  
 And wickedly combine with thofe,  
 Who thee, and all that's good, oppofe;  
 Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Iuft wound and reprove;  
 Such ftripes and checks, an argument  
 Of their fincere and prudent love;  
 Like Odors of a fragrant Sent,  
 Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.

My

My prayers shall for their safety move.

Mongst Rocks their Chieftes in ambush lie:

Yet have my sufferings understood.

Our severed bones are scattered by

The mouthes of graves, like clefts of Wood.

Lord, save from those, that hunt for blood:

On thee with faith I cast mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,

That would my guiltles Soule betray;

From those who in my wrongs agree,

And for my life their engines lay.

May they by their owne craft decay;

But let me thy Salvation see.

## P S. CXLII.

**W**ith sighes and cries to God I praid;  
To him my supplication made;  
Pow'd out my teares,  
My cares and feares;  
My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting spirits almost spent:

He knew the path in which I went.

Yet in my way

Their snares they lay,

With merciles intent.

My

Cast them into the Depths below;  
 From thence, O never let them rise!  
 Let Death the Slanderer surprize;  
 And Mischief salvage Wrath & rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;  
 The Poore defend from Death and Shame:  
 The Iust shall celebrate  
 And ever in thy Presence

**T**O thee I cry, O  
 O come with  
 Let my sad Prayers be  
 Like Incense on th  
 Or as when I, with  
 Present my Evening

Before my mouth  
 My Lips with  
 O let me not thy Lawes  
 And wickedly combine  
 Who thee, and all that's good, oppose;  
 Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Iust wound and reprove;  
 Such stripes and checks, an argument  
 Of their sincere and prudent love;  
 Like Odours of a fragrant Scent,  
 Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.

My

Irregular  
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My prayers shall for their safety move.

Amongst Rocks their Chieftes in ambush lie:

Yet have my sufferings understood.

Our severed bones are scattered by

The mouthes of graves, like cleets of Wood.

Lord, save from those, that hunt for blood:

On thee with faith I cast mine eye.

Ininations free,

Whiles Soule betray;

Whiles wrongs agree,

Whiles engines lay.

Whiles the craft decays;

Whiles I see.

CXLII.

My cries to God I praid;

My application made;

My out my teares,

My cares and feares;

My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting spirits almost spent;

He knew the path in which I went.

Yet in my way

Their shares they lay,

With merciles intent.

My

228 PSALM. CXLIIT.

My Eies I round about me throw;  
None see, that will th' Oppressed know;  
No refuge left;  
Of hope bereft;  
Vaine pitty none bestow.

Then unto God I cri'd, and said,  
Thou art my Hope, and onely Aid;  
The Portion  
I build upon,  
While with fraile flesh afraid.

O Source of Mercy, heare my cry,  
Lest I with wasting sorrow die:  
Shield from my foes,  
Who now inclose;  
Since of more strength then I.

My Soule out of this Prison bring,  
That I may praise thee, O my King,  
Who trust in thee,  
Shall compasse me,  
And of thy Bounty sing.

PS. CXLIIT.

**L**Ord, to my cries afford an eare,  
Th' afflicted heare;  
According to thy Equity,  
And Truth reply;

Nor



PSALM. CXLIII. 229

Nor prove severe: for in thy fight  
None living shall be found upright;

The Foe my Soule besiegeth round,  
Strikes to the ground:

In darknesse hath enveloped,  
Like men long dead:

My mind with sorrow overthrow;  
My heart within me stupid grown,

I call to minde those ancient Daies  
Fill'd with thy praise:

Thy Works alone possess my thought,  
With wonder wrought.

To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;  
Desir'd like raine by thirsty land.

Approch with speed; my Spirits faile;  
Thy Face unvail:

Least I forthwith grow like to those,  
Whom graves inclose.

O let me of thy Mercy heare,  
Before the morning Sun appeare.

My God, thou art the onely scope  
Of all my hope:

O shew me thy prescribed way,  
Lest I should stray.

For to thy Throne I raise mine eyes;  
My Soule, and all my faculties.

Cast them into the Depths below;  
 From thence, O never let them rise!  
 Let Death the Slanderer surpise;  
 And Mischief salvage Wrath & redrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;  
 The Poore defend from Death and Shame;  
 The Iust shall celebrate thy Name;  
 And ever in thy Presence live.

## P S. CXL I.

**T**O thee I cry; Lord, heare my cry;  
 O come with speed unto my aid:

Let my sad Praises before thee rise,  
 Like Incense on the Altar laid;  
 Or as when I, with hands dislaid,  
 Present my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian set;  
 My Lips with bannes of Silence close.  
 O let me not thy Lawes forget;  
 And wickedly combine with those,  
 Who thee, and all that's good, oppose;  
 Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Iust wound and reprove;  
 Such stripes and checks, an argument  
 Of their sincere and prudent love;  
 Like Odors of a fragrant Sent,  
 Pour'd on my head, no breathes run

My prayers shall for their safety move.

Amongst Rocks their Chieftes in ambush lie:

Yet have my sufferings understood.

Our severed bones are scattered by

The mouthes of graves, like clefts of Wood.

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On thee with faith I cast mine else.

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 And ever in thy Presence live.

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 O come with speed to mee  
 Let my sad Praises before thee  
 Like Incense on the Altar  
 Or as when I, with hands  
 Present my Evening Sacrifice  
 Before my mouth a Guardia  
 My Lips with bannes of S  
 O let me nor thy Lawes forsake  
 And wickedly combine with  
 Who thee, and all that's good  
 Nor of their deadly Dainties eat

But let the Iust wound and reprove;  
 Such stripes and checks, an argument  
 Of their sincere and prudent love;  
 Like Odors of a fragrant Sent,  
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Irreg  
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My

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O from their Machinations free,

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regular  
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Their snares they lay,

With merciles intent.

My



228 PSALM. CXLIH.

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None see, that will th' Oppressed know;  
No refuge left;  
Of hope bereft;  
Vaine pitty none bestow.

Then unto God I cri'd, and said,  
Thou art my Hope, and onely Aid;  
The Portion  
I build upon,  
While with fraile flesh afraid.

O Source of Mercy, heare my cry,  
Lest I with wasting sorrow die:  
Shield from my foes,  
Who now inclose;  
Since of more strength then I.

My Soule out of this Prison bring,  
That I may praise thee, O my King.  
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Strikes to the ground:

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My mind with sorrow overthrow;  
My heart within me stupid grown.

I call to minde those ancient Daies  
Fill'd with thy praise:

Thy Works alone possess my thought,  
With wonder wrought.

To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;  
Desir'd like raine by thirsty land.

Approach with speed; my Spirits faile;  
Thy Face unveil:

Least I forthwith grow like to those,  
Whom graves inclose.

O let me of thy Mercy heare,  
Before the morning Sun appeare.

My God, thou art the onely scope  
Of all my hope:

O shew me thy prescribed way,  
Lest I should stray.

For to thy Throne I raise mine eyes;  
My Soule, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes: to Thee doe I  
For refuge flie;

Informe me, that I may fulfill

Thy sacred Will.

My God, let thy good Spirit lead,

That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,

Who trust in thee:

Out of these Straights, for Iustice sake,

Thy Servant take.

In mercy cut thou off my Foes,

Whose hate hath multipli'd my woes.

PS. CXLIV.

**T**He Lord, my Strength, be onely prais'd;

The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd;

In doubtfull Battell given me might,

And skill how to direct, and fight.

My Fautor, Fortresse, high-built Tower;

My Rocke, Redcomer, Shield, and Tower;

My onely Confidence; who still

Subiects my People to my will.

Lord, what is Man, or his fraile Race,

That thou should'st such a vapour grace;

Man nothing is but vanity;

A shadow swiftly gliding by.

Great God, scoope from the bending Skies,

The Mountaines touch, and Clouds shall rise;

From thence thy winged Lightning throw;

Rour

Rout and confound the flying foe;  
 Stretch downe thy hand, which onely saves,  
 And snatch me from the furious Waves.  
 Free from rebellious enemies,  
 Inur'd to perjuries, and lies:  
 Their Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong.  
 Then will I in a new-made song,  
 Vnto the softly-warbling string,  
 Of thy illustrious praises sing.  
 Thou Kings preserv'st; hast me preserv'd;  
 Even David, who thy Will observ'd;  
 Free from rebellious enemies,  
 Inur'd to perjuries and lies:  
 Foule deeds their violent hands defile;  
 Hands prone to treachery and guile;  
 That in their Youth our sonnes may grow,  
 Like Lawrell groves our daughters show,  
 Like polisht pillars deckt with Gold,  
 Which high and roiall roofes uphold:  
 Our Magazines abound with graine,  
 Provision of all sorts containe;  
 Increasing Flockes our Pastures fill,  
 And wel-fed Sreeres the Fallows till,  
 That no incursions Peace affright;  
 No armies joine in dreadfull fight;  
 No daring foe our Walls invest;  
 Nor fearefull shriekes disturbe our rest.  
 Blest People! who in this estate  
 Enjoy your selves without debate;  
 And happy, O thrice happy they,  
 Who for their God, the Lord obey!

## P. S. CXLV.

**I** Still will of thy glory sing;  
 Thy Name extoll, my God, my King.  
 No day shall passe without thy praise;  
 Prais'd while the Sun his beames displays.  
 Great is the Lord, whose praise exceeds:  
 Inscrutable are all his deeds.  
 One Age shall to another tell  
 Thy Workes, which so in power excell.  
 The beauty of thy excellence,  
 And Oracles in trance my sense.  
 Men shall thy dreadfull Acts relate;  
 My Verse thy Greatnes celebrate;  
 To memory thy Favours bring,  
 And of thy noble Iustice sing.  
 For in thee Grace and Pity live;  
 To anger slow, swift to forgive.  
 All on thy Goodnesse, Lord, depend:  
 Thy Mercies all thy Works transcend;  
 Even all thy Works shall praise thy Name;  
 Thy Saints shall celebrate the same:  
 Of thy far-spredding Empire speake;  
 Thy Power, to which all powers are weak:  
 To make thy Acts to Mortals known,  
 And glory of thy awfull Throne.  
 Thy Kingdome never shall have end:  
 Thy Rule beyond Times sight extend.  
 The Lord shall those, who fall, susteine;  
 And Soules dejected raise againe.

 Mel.  
 Br.

All



All seeke from thee their liveli-hood;  
 Thou in due season giv'st them food:  
 Thy liberall Hand, men, birds, and beasts,  
 Even all that live, with plenty feasts.  
 The Lord is just in all his Waies;  
 Who Mercy in his Workes displaies;  
 Is present by his power with all,  
 Who on his Name sincerely call:  
 For he will their desires effect;  
 Regard their cries; from foes protect.  
 Who love him, safety shall enjoy;  
 The Lord the Wicked will destroy.  
 My tongue his Goodnesse shall proclame,  
 Man-kind, for ever praise his Name.

## PS. CXLVI.

*Halelu-jah.*

**O** My Soule, praise thou the Lord:  
 Whilst thou liv'st, his praise record:  
 Whilst I am, eternall King,  
 I will of thy praises sing.  
 O, no hope in Princes place;  
 Trust in none of humane race;  
 Who can give no helpe at all,  
 Nor prevent his proper fall.  
 When his parting breath expires,  
 He againe to Earth retires.  
 Even in that uncertaine day  
 All his thoughts with him decay.

Q-4

Happy

Happy he, whom God protects;  
 He, on whom his Grace reflects.  
 Happy he, who plants his trust  
 On the onely Good and Iust.  
 He who Heavens blew arch displaid;  
 He who Earths foundation laid;  
 Spread the Land-imbracing Maine;  
 Made what ever all containe:  
 True to what his Word profess;  
 He revengeth the oppress;  
 Hungry Soules with food sustaines,  
 And unbinds the Prisoners chaines:  
 To the blind restores his sight;  
 Reares, who fall by wicked might.  
 Righteousnes his Soule affects:  
 Friendles Strangers he protects,  
 Widdowes, and the Fatherles;  
 Those confounds who these oppresse.  
 Zion, God, thy God shall raigne,  
 While the Poles their Orbs sustaine.

*Nalelu-jab.*

P S. CXLVIII.

**J**ehovah praise with one consent,  
 How comely! sweet! how excellent.  
 To sing our great Creators praise!  
 Whose hands late ruin'd Salem raise,  
 Collecting scattered Israel,  
 That they in their owne Townes may dwell:

He

He cures the sorrowes of our minds;  
Our wounds imbalmes, and softly binds.  
He numbers Heavens bright-sparkling Flames,  
And calls them by their severall Names.  
Great is our God, and great in might;  
His knowledge O most infinite  
The Humble unto Thrones erects;  
The Insolent to Earth dejects.  
Present your thanks to our great King;  
On solemne Harps his Praises sing;  
Who Heaven with gloomie vapors hides,  
And timely Rain for Earth provides.  
With grasse he cloths the pregnant Hills,  
And hungry beasts with Herbage fills.  
He feeds the Ravens croaking brood,  
(Left by the Old) that crie for food.  
He cares not for the strength of Horse,  
Nor mans strong limbs, and matchlesse force:  
But those affects, who in his Path  
Their feet direct with constant Faith.  
O Solyma, Iehovah praise;  
To God thy Voice; O Sion, raise:  
Who hath thy Cit. fortify'd;  
Thy streets with Citizens supply'd:  
Firme peace in all thy borders set,  
And fed thee with the flowre of Wheat.  
He send forth his Commands, which flie  
More swift then Lightning through the Skie:  
The Snowlike Wooll on Mountains spreads;  
And hoary Frosts like Ashes sheds;  
While solid Flouds their course refrain,  
What Mortall can his cold sustain?

At his Command, by Wind and Sunne  
 Dissolv'd, th' unfetter'd Rivers runne;  
 His Lawes to Iacob he hath shewn;  
 His Iudgements are to Israel known.  
 Not so with other Nations deales,  
 From whom his Statutes he conceales.

*Hallelu-jah.*

## P S. CXLVIII.

*Hallelu-jah.*

**Y**OU, who dwell above the Skies,  
 Free from humane miseries;  
 You whom highest Heaven imbowes,  
 Praise the Lord with all your powres.  
 Angels, your cleare Voices raise;  
 Him you Heavenly Armies praise:  
 Sun, and Moon with borrow'd light;  
 All you sparkling Eies of Night:  
 Waters hanging in the aire;  
 Heaven of Heavens his Praise declare.  
 His deserved Praise record;  
 His, who made you by his Word;  
 Made you evermore to last,  
 Set you bounds not to be past.  
 Let the Earth his Praise resound;  
 Monstrous Whales, and Seas profound;  
 Vapors, Lightning, Hail, and Snow;  
 Stormes, which when he bids them, blow:  
 Flowrie Hills, and Mountains high;

Cedars

Cedars, neighbours to the Skie;  
 Trees that fruit in season yield;  
 All the Cattell of the Field;  
 Salvage beasts; all creeping things;  
 All that cut the Aire with wings.  
 You who awfull Sceptres sway;  
 You inured to obey;  
 Princes, Iudges of the Earth;  
 All of high and humble birth;  
 Youths, and Virgins, flourishing  
 In the beaurty of your spring:  
 You who bow with Ages weight;  
 You who were but born of late:  
 Praise his Name with one consent:  
 Ohow great! how excellent!  
 Then the Earth profounder farre;  
 Higher then the highest Starre.  
 He will his to honour raise.  
 You his Saints, resound his Praise;  
 You who are of Jacobs Race,  
 And united to his Grace.

Hallelu-jah.

## P S A L M. CXLIX.

**T**O the God, whom we adore,  
 Sing a Song unsing before:  
 His immortall Praise rehearse,  
 Where his Holy Saints converse.  
 Israel, O thou his Choice,  
 In thy Makers Praise rejoice:

Z'ons



Zions Sonnes; rejoyce, and sing  
 To the Honour of your King.  
 In the Dance his Praise resound;  
 Strike the Harp, let Timbrells sound.  
 God in Goodnesse infinite,  
 In his People takes delight.  
 God with safety will adorn  
 Those, whom men afflict with scorn.  
 Let his Saints in glorie joie;  
 Sing as in their Beds they lie:  
 Highly praise the living Lord;  
 Arm'd with their two-edged Sword,  
 All the Heathen to confound;  
 And the Nations bordering round;  
 Binding all their Kings with cords;  
 Fettering their captiv'd Lords;  
 That they in divine pursuir,  
 May his judgements execute;  
 As 'tis writ, such Honour shall  
 Vnto all his Saints befall.

*Halelu-jab.*

P S. C L.

*Halelu-jab.*

Praise the Lord in thron'd on high;  
 Praise him in his Sanctitie;  
 Praise him for his mighty Deeds;  
 Praise him who in Power exceeds;  
 Praise with Trumpets, pierce the Skies;

Praise

PSALM. CL,

139

Praise with Harps and Psalteries;  
Praise with Timbrells, Organs, Flutes;  
Praise with Violins, and Lutes;  
Praise, with silver Cymbals sing;  
Praise on those which loudly ring.  
Angels, all of humane birth,  
Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

*Psalm 139.*

**FINIS.**

## DEO OPT. MAX.

**O** Thou who All things hast of Nothing made,  
 whose Hand the radiant Firmament displai'd,  
 With such an undiscerned swiftnes bur'd  
 About the stedfast Centre of the world:  
 Against whose rapid course the restlesse Sun,  
 And wandring Flames in varied Motions run;  
 which Heat, Light, Life infuse; Time, Night, and Day  
 Distinguish; in our Humane Bodies sway:  
 That hung'st the solid Earth in fleeting Aire,  
 Vein'd with cleare Springs, which ambient Seas repaire.  
 In Clouds the Mountaines wrap their hoary Heads;  
 Luxurious Valleies cloth'd with flowry Meads:  
 Her trees yield Fruit and Shades with liberall Brests  
 All creatures She (their common Mother) feasts.  
 Then Man thy Image mad'st; in Dignity,  
 In Knowledge, and in Beauty like to Thee:  
 Plac'd in a Heaven on Earth: without his toile  
 The ever-flourishing and fruitfull Soile  
 Vnpurchas'd Food produc'd: all Creatures were  
 His Subiects, serving more for Love then Feare.

He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell  
From his Obedience, all at once rebell,  
And in his Ruine exercise their Might:  
Concurring Elements against him fight:  
Troops of unknowne Diseases; Sorrow, Age,  
And Death assaile him with successive rage.  
Hell let forth all her Furies: none so great,  
As Man to Man, Ambition, Pride, Deceit: (reign'd:  
Wrong arm'd with Power, Lust, Rapine, Slaughter  
And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.  
Then Hils beneath the swelling Waters stood,  
And all the Globe of Earth was but one Flood:  
Yet could not cleanse their Guilt: the following Race  
Worse then their Fathers, and their Sons more base.  
Their God-like Beauty lost; Sins wretched Thiracle:  
No sparke of their Divine Originall  
Left unextinguisht: All enveloped  
With Darknesse; in their bold Transgressions dead.  
when thou didst from the East a Light display,  
which rendred to the world a clearer Day:  
whose Precepts from Hells jaws our Steps withdraw:  
And whose Example was a living Law:

Who

who purg'd vs with his Bloud; the way prepar'd  
 To Heaven, and those long-chain'd-up Doores unbar'd.  
 How infinite thy Mercy! which exceeds  
 The World thou mad'st, as well as our Misdeeds  
 Which greater reverence then thy Iustice winne,  
 And still augment thy Honour by our Sins.  
 O who bath tasted of thy Clemency  
 In greater measure or more oft, then I  
 My gratefull Verse thy Goodnes shall display,  
 O Thou who went'st along in all my way:  
 To where the Morning with perfum'd wings  
 From the high Mountaines of Panchaea springs,  
 To that New-found-out World, where sober Night  
 Takes from th' Antipodes her silent flight,  
 To those darke Seas, where horrid winter reignes,  
 And binds the stubborn Floods in Ice chaines:  
 To Libyan Wastes, whose Thirst no showres asswage,  
 And where swollen Nilus cooles the Lions rage.  
 Thy wonders in the Deepe have I beheld;  
 Yet all by those on Iudah's Hills excell'd:  
 There where the Virgins Son his Doctrine taught,  
 His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought:

where



Where I by Thee inspir'd his Praises sung;  
 And on his Sepulchre my Offering bung,  
 Which way so e're I turne my Face, or Feet;  
 I see thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.

Met on the Thracian Shores; when in the strife  
 Of frantick Simoans thou preserv'dst my Life.

So when Arabian Thieves belaid us round,  
 And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.

That false Sidonian Wolfe, whose craft put on  
 A Sheepe's soft Fleece, and me Bellerephon

To Ruine by his cruell Letter sent,

Thou didst by thy protecting Hand prevent.

Thou sav'dst me from the bloody Massacres  
 Of faith-les Indians; from their treacherous Wars;

From raging Feavers, from the sultry breath  
 Of tainted Aire; which cloy'd the jawes of Death.

Preserv'd from swallowing Seas, when towering Waves ]

Mixt with the Clouds, and opened their deepe Graves.

From barbarous Pirats ransom'd: by those taught  
 Succesfully with Sallian Moores we fought.

Then brought'st me Home in safety; that this Earth  
 Might bury me, which fed me from my Birth:

Blest with a healthfull Age; a quiet Mind,  
Content with little; to this Worke design'd :  
Which I at length have finish'd by thy Aid;  
And now my Vowes have at thy Altar paid.

A

A PARAPHRASE VPON THE  
SONGS COLLECTED OVT  
OF THE OLD AND NEW  
TESTAMENTS.

EXOD. 15.

**T**He Praise of our triumphant King,  
And of his Victorie we sing:  
Who in the Seas with horrid force  
O'rethrew the Rider and his Horse.  
My Strength, my God, my Argument,  
My Fathers God hath Safety sent.  
To him will I a Mansion raise,  
There celebrate his glorious Praise.  
His Sword hath won eternall fame;  
And great Ichovah is his Name.  
Lo Pharaoh's Chariots, his proud Host,  
Are in the swallowing Billowes lost.  
God, in the fathomlesse profound,  
Hath all his choice Commanders drown'd.  
Down sunk they, like a falling stone,  
By raging Whirl-pits overthrowne.  
Thy pow'rfull Hand these Wonders wrought;  
Our Foes by thee to ruine brought.  
Thou all that durst against thee fight  
Hast crush't by thy prevailing Might.  
Thy Wrath thy Foes to Cinders turnes,  
As Fire the Sun-dri'd Scrubbe burnes.

R 2

Blown

Blown by thy Nostrills breath, the Floud  
In heaps, like solid Mountains, stood.  
The Seas divided Heart congeal'd;  
Her Sandy bottom first reveal'd.  
Pursue, o'ertake, th' Egyptians cry'd;  
Let us their wealthy Spoile divide;  
Our Sword these Fugitives destroy,  
And with their Slaughter feast our Ioy.  
Thou blew'st; those Hills their Billowes spread:  
In mightie Seas they sunk, like Lead.  
What God is like our God! so high!  
So excellent in Sanctitie!  
Whose glorious Praise such terrour breeds!  
So wonderfull in all thy Deeds!  
Thy Hand out-stretcht; the closing Womb  
Of Waves gave all his Host one Tomb.  
But us, who have thy Mercie try'd  
In our Redemption, thou wilt guide:  
Guide by thy Powre, till we possesse  
The Mansion of thy Holinesse.  
Our Foes shall this with terrour heare;  
Sad Palastine grow pale with feare.  
Those whom the Edomites command,  
And Moabs Chiefs shall trembling stand.  
The Hearts of Canaan melt away,  
Like Snow before the Suns bright Ray.  
Horror shall seize on all; not one  
But stand like Statues cut in Stone:  
Vntill thy People passe: even those,  
Whom thou hast ransom'd from their Foes.  
Thou shalt conduct, and plant them, where  
Thy fruitfull Hills their shoulders reare:

By

By thy election dignifi'd;  
 Where thou for ever shalt abide.  
 Thy Reigne, eternall King, shall last,  
 When Heaven and Earth in vapours waste.  
 While Pharaoh's Chariots and his Horse  
 'Twixt walls of Seas their way inforce:  
 Thy Hand reduc'd th' obedient Waves,  
 Which clos'd them in their rowling Graves;  
 But Israel through the bottome sand  
 Securely past, as on dry Land.

## DEVTERONOMIE 32.

**L** End, O you Heavens, unto my voice an eare.  
 And thou, O Earth, what I shall utter, heare.  
 My words shall fall like Dew, like April showres  
 On tender Herbs, and new-disclosed Flowres;  
 While I the Goodnes of our God proclame:  
 O celebrate his great and glorious Name!  
 Our Rocke, whose Works are perfect. Justice leads,  
 And equall Iudgment walks the Way he treads.  
 In him unstain'd Sincerity excels;  
 The God of Truth, in whom no falshood dwels.  
 But you are all corrupt, perverse; nor beare  
 Those Markes about you, which his Children weare.  
 O fooles! depriv'd of intellectuall Light!  
 Doe you your great Preserver thus requite?  
 Your Father? He who made you? 'did select  
 From all the World, and with his Beaurie dect?  
 Remember; aske the Ancient: They will tell  
 What in old times, and Ages past, befell:



When the most High did distribute the Earth,  
 With liberall hand, to all of humane birth;  
 When yet you were not, He, according to  
 Your numerous Race, design'd a Seat for you,  
 His People are his Portion: Jacob is  
 Th' Inheritance alone reserv'd for His.  
 He, when he wandred through a desert land,  
 And in a horrid Wildernes of sand;  
 Conducted, taught him his high Mysteries;  
 And kept him as the Apples of his Eyes.  
 As the old Eagle on her Aiery spreads  
 Her fostering Plumes; renews their downy beds,  
 Feeds, traines them for the flight, subdues their feares;  
 And on her soaring wings her Eaglets beares:  
 So he sustain'd, So led him; He alone:  
 No stranger-Gods to Israel then were knowne.  
 Whom like a Horse the rowring Mountaines bore,  
 That those rich fields might feast him with their store  
 With Honey, the hard Rockes suppl'd his want;  
 And pure Oile dril'd from cliftes of Adamant;  
 Him with the Milke of Ewes, with Butter fed;  
 With fat of Lambs, and Rams in Bashan bred;  
 With flesh of Goats, with Wheats pure Kernels fill'd;  
 And drank the Bloud, which from the Grape distil'd.  
 But Iesurun grew fat; kickt like a Horse,  
 Full of high feeding, and untam'd force:  
 Forsooke his God, who made, sustain'd, adorn'd;  
 And that strong Rocke of his Salvation scorn'd:  
 With barbarous gods, and execrable Rites,  
 His Iealousie and Wrath at once excites.  
 To Devils they profanely sacrific'd;  
 Gods made with hands before their Maker pris'd:

Gods

Gods brought from foraigne Nations; strange & new;  
 Gods, which their Ancestors nor fear'd nor knew.  
 Their Father, their firme Rocke, remembred not;  
 And Him, who had created them, forgot.  
 This having seene with burning eies, the Lord  
 His Daughters, and degenerate Sons abhor'd;  
 Said, from these Rebels I will hide my face,  
 And see the end of this unfaithfull Race.  
 Since they with gods, that are but gods in Name,  
 My Soule with so great Ielousie inflame;  
 And through their vanities my wrath incense;  
 I by the like will punish their offence.  
 Their glory to an unknowne Nation grant,  
 And in their roome a foolish People plant.  
 A fire is kindled in my wrath, which shall  
 Even in the depth of Hell devoure them all;  
 Polluted Earth with her productions burne,  
 And aery Mountaines into ashes turne.  
 One misery another shall invite,  
 And all my arrowes in their bosomes lye:  
 Famine shall eat them, hot diseases burne;  
 And all by violent deaths to Earth returne.  
 The teeth of salvage Beasts their bloud shall spill,  
 And Serpents with their fatall poyson kill.  
 The Sword without, and home-bred Terrors shall  
 Devoure their lives: their Youth untimely fall;  
 Betrothed Virgins, such as steepe with age,  
 And sucking Babes shall sinke beneath my Rage.  
 Scatter I would like Chasse by Tempests blowne,  
 Nor should their Memory to Man be knowne;  
 If not withheld by their insulting Foe;  
 Lest he should triumph in their overthrow;

And boasting say ; This our owne hands have done ;  
 Our Swords the gods, which have this battaile won,  
 A Nation which hath no Intelligence :  
 Vncapable of Counsell ; void of sense !  
 O that my Words could to their hearts descend ;  
 To make them wise, and thinke of their last End !  
 How would One man a Thousand put to flight !  
 And Two a Myriad overthrow in Fight !  
 But that their Strength hath sold them to their Foes ;  
 And left them naked to their deadly blowes.  
 For, though our Enemies should judge, their Powres  
 Are faint to his ; their Rocke no Rocke to ours ;  
 Their Vine of Sodom, of Gomorrabs fields ;  
 Which Grapes of Gall, and bitter clusters yields,  
 Poison of Dragons is their deadly Wine ;  
 To which cold Aspes their drowlie venime joine.  
 Is not all this unto my Sight reveal'd ?  
 Laid up in store ? and with my Signet seal'd ?  
 To me belongs Revenge and Recompence :  
 Which I will in the time decreed dispense.  
 The Day is neere which their destruction brings ;  
 And punishment now flies with speedy wings,  
 God will his People judge ; at length relent ;  
 And of his Servants miseries repent :  
 Then when they are of all their power bereft,  
 No strength, no hope of humane succour left :  
 And say, Where are the Gods of your defence,  
 Those Rockes of your presuming confidence ;  
 Whose flaming Altars you so often fed  
 With fat of Bieves, and Wine profusely shed ?  
 Now let them from their crowned Banquets rise,  
 And shield you from your surious enemies.

Behold !

Behold ! I am your God ; I, onely, I :  
 Assisted by no foraigne Deity.  
 I kill, revive ; I wound and heale ; no hand  
 Or power of Mortals can my strength withstand.  
 I to the Heavens I made, my armes extend ;  
 Pronounce, I ever was, and have no end.  
 Whet I my glittering Sword ; if I advance  
 My hand in Iudgment ; woes past utterance ;  
 And vengeance, equall to their merits, shall  
 Vpon my Foes, and those who hate me, fall.  
 The hungry Sword shall eat their flesh, like Food ;  
 My thirsty Arrows shall be drunke with blood :  
 For Captives slaine, and for the blood they spilt,  
 I will with horreur recompence their guilt.  
 You wiser Nations, with his People joy ;  
 For he will all their Enemies destroy :  
 His Servants vindicate from their proud Foe ;  
 And to their Land, and them, his Mercy show.

## I V D G E S 5.

**Y**Our great Preserver celebrate:  
 He who reveng'd our wrongs of late ;  
 When you, his sonnes, in Israels Aid  
 Of life so brave a Tender made.  
 You Princes, with attention heare ;  
 And you who awfull Sceptres beare ;  
 While I in sacred Numbers sing  
 The Praise of our eternall King.  
 When he through Seir his Army led,  
 In Edoms fields his Ensignes spread ;

Earth

Earth shooke, the Heavens in drops descend;  
And Clouds in teares their substance spend,  
Before his Face the Mountaines melt:  
Old Sinai unknown fervor felt.  
When Israel Sangars Rule obei'd,  
And Iael, that Virago, swaid;  
She bold of heart; He great in Warre,  
Yet to the fearefull Travailer  
All waies were then unsafe: who crept  
Through Woods, or past when others slept.  
The Land uncultivated lay:  
When I arose, I Deborah,  
A Mother to my Country grew;  
At once their Foes, and feares subdue.  
When to themselves new gods they chose,  
Then were their Wals besieg'd by Foes.  
Did One of Forty Thousand weare  
A Core of Steele? or shooke a Speare?  
You, who with such alacrity  
Led to the Battaile; O how I  
Affect your Valour! with me raise  
Your voices; Sing Iehovahs Praise.  
Sing You who on white Asses ride,  
And Iustice equally divide:  
You who those Waies so fear'd of late,  
Where now no Thieves assassinate:  
You lately from your Fountaines barr'd,  
Where you their clattering Quivers heard;  
There with united joy record  
The righteous Indgments of the Lord.  
You who your Cities repofesse,  
Who reape in peace, his Praise professe.

Arise,



Arise, O Deborah, arise,  
 In heavenly Hymnes expresse thy loyes.  
 Arise, O Barak, Thou the Fame  
 And Offspring of Abinoam;  
 Of Israel the renowned Head,  
 Captivity now captive lead.  
 Nor shall the noble Memory  
 Of our strong Aids in silence die:  
 The Quiver-bearing Ephraimite  
 March't from his Mountaine to the Fight:  
 Those who on Amalek confine,  
 The small Remaines of Benjamin:  
 From Machir, Princes: Not a few  
 Wise Zebulun with Letters drew:  
 The valiant Chiefes of Issachar,  
 With Deborah, troopt to this Warre;  
 Who downe into the Valley tread  
 The way which noble Barak led.  
 But Reuben from the rest disjoint  
 By Hills and Flouds, was so in mind  
 Didst thou these glorious Wm refuse,  
 To heare the bleating of thy Ewes?  
 O great in Counsell! O how wise!  
 That couldst both Faith and Fame despise.  
 Gilead, of thundring Drums afraid,  
 Or slothfull, beyond Iordan staid.  
 Dan his swift sailing Ships affects,  
 And publique liberty neglects:  
 While Ashur on his Cliftes resides,  
 And fortifies against the Tides,  
 But Zebulun, and Naphtali,  
 Who never would from danger fly,  
 Were

Were ready, for the publique good,  
On Tabors top to shed their bloud.  
Then Kings, Kings of the Canaanites,  
On Taanach Plaines address their Fights;  
Where swift Megiddo's Waters ran:  
Yet neither spoile nor Trophée wan.  
The Heavens 'gainst Sisera fought; The Stars  
Mov'd in Battalia to those Wars.  
By ancient Kishon swept from thence;  
Whose Torrent falling Clouds incense.  
Thou, O my joyfull Soule, at length  
Hast trod to Dirt their puissant Strength.  
Their wounded Horse with flying haste  
Fall headlong, and their Riders cast.  
Thus spake an Angel; Cursed be  
Thou Meroz, all who dwell in thee;  
That basely would'st no aid afford,  
In that great Battaille to the Lord.  
Cinceian Hebers Wife, thou best  
Of Women, be thou ever blest;  
Blest above all: Let all that dwell  
In Tents, thy Act, O Iael, tell.  
She brought him Milke, above his wish;  
And Butter in a princely Dish.  
A Hammer, and a Nail she tooke,  
This into Sisera's Temples strooke:  
He fell; fell downe; downe to the Flore;  
Lay where he fell, bath'd in his Gore;  
Lay groveling at her Feet: and there  
His wretched Soule sigh'd into Aire.  
His Mother at her window staid,  
And thrusting out her shoulders said;

Why

Why are his Chariots wheelles so slow!  
 Nor yet my Sonne in Triumph show!  
 When her wise Ladies standing by,  
 (Yea she her selfe) made this reply;  
 Have not their Swords now won the Day?  
 Have they not shar'd the wealthy Prey?  
 Now every Souldier for his paines  
 An Hebrew Dame or Virgin gaines:  
 While Sisera, choos'ing, laies aside  
 Rich Robes, in various Colours dy'd;  
 Rich Robes with curious Needles wrought  
 On eyther side, from Phrygia brought.  
 The Thread spun from the Silk-worms womb,  
 Such as a Conquerer become.  
 Great God! So perish all thy Foes;  
 Love such as love thee: O let those  
 Shine like the Sun, when he displaies  
 It's Orient his increasing Raies.

## I SAMUEL 2.

**G**od hath rais'd my head on high:  
 O my Heart, enlarge thy joy!  
 God hath now my Tongue unty'd,  
 To retort their scorne, and Pride.  
 In thy Grace I will rejoyce;  
 Praise thee, while I have a voice.  
 Who so holy as our Lord!  
 Who but he to be ador'd!  
 Who such Wonders can effect!  
 Who so strongly can protect!

Be

Be no longer arrogant,  
Nor in Folly proudly vaunt:  
God our secret thoughts displaies;  
All our workes his Balance weighes.  
Giants Bowes his Forces breake;  
He with strength invests the weake.  
Who were full, now serve for bread;  
Those who serv'd, infranchis'd.  
Barren Wombs with Children flow;  
Fruitfull Mothers childles grow.  
God fraile Man of life deprives;  
Those who sleepe in Death, revives:  
Leads us to our silent Tombes;  
Brings us from those horrid Roomes;  
Riches sends; sends Poverty:  
Casteth downe, and lifts on high.  
He from the despis'd Dust,  
From the Dunghill takes the Iust;  
To the height of Honour brings;  
Plants them in the Thrones of Kings.  
God Earths mighty Pillars made;  
He the World upon them laid.  
He his Servants feet will guide:  
Wicked Soules, who swell with Pride;  
Will in endles Darknes chaine:  
Since all humane strength is vaine,  
He shall grinde his Enemies,  
Blast with Lightning from the Skies:  
Iudge the habitable Earth,  
All of high and humble birth:  
Shall with strength his King renowe,  
And his Christ with Glory crowne.

## 2 SAMUEL I.

**T**hy Beauty, Israel, is fled,  
Sunk to the Dead.

How are the Valiant tal'n! the Slaine  
Thy Mountaines staine.

O let it nor in Gath be knowne;  
Nor in the streets of Ascalon!

Left that sad Story should excite  
Their dire delight:

Left in the Torrent of our woe  
Their pleasure flow:

Left their triumphant Daughters ring  
Their Cymbals, and curs'd Pans sing.

You Hills of Gilboa, never may  
You Offerings pay;

No Morning Dew, nor fruitfull showres  
Clothe you with Flowers:

Saul, and his Armes there made a Spoile;  
As if untoucht with sacred Oile,

The Bow of noble Jonathan  
Great Bartrailes wan:

His Arrows on the Mighty fed,  
With Slaughter red.

Saul never rais'd his Arme in vaine;  
His Sword still glutted with the Slaine;

How



How lovely! O how pleasant! when  
They liv'd with Men!

Then Eagles swifter; stronger farre  
Then Lions are:

Whom love in life so strongly ty'd,  
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israels Daughters, weepe for Saul;

Lament his fall:

Who fed you with the Earths increase,  
And crown'd with Peace:

With Robes of Tyrian Purple deckt,  
And Gemmes, which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy Worthies by the Sword

Of Warre devour'd!

O Jonathan, the better part

Of my torne Heart!

The salvage Rockes have drunke thy blood!

My Brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great: O never more

To Man Man bore!

No Woman, when most passionate

Lov'd at that rate!

How are the Mighty fal'n in fight!

They, and their Glory set in Night!

## 2 SAMUEL 7.

**M**Y Lord, my God, O who art I!  
Or what is my poore Family,

That thou should'st crowne,  
With Powre renowne,  
And raise my Throne on high!

As this were little; in my place

• Hast promis'd to confirme my Race.

Doe men, O Lord,

To men afford

Such, such transcendent Grace!

Not to be hop'd for, not desir'd;

Not to be utter'd, but admir'd:

My Thoughts to me,

Then they to thee,

Lesse known, when most retir'd.

These great things did'st Thou, to fulfill

Thy Word and never-changing Will.

Into my Sight

This knowing Light

Thy Wisdome's Beames distill.

In Goodnes, as in Power, compleat:

No God but thee: O who so great!

All this of old

Our Fathers told;

And often did repeat.

What Nation breaths, who can or dare  
With thee, O Israel, compare ?

For whom alone  
God left his Throne,  
As his peculiar Care.

To amplify his Name, to doe  
Such great, such fearfull things for you :

Such Wonders wrought :  
From Egypt brought ;  
From men, from gods withdrew ;

Establisht by divine Decree ;  
That thou might'st be our God, and we

For evermore  
Thy Name adore,  
As consecrate to Thee.

Now, Lord, effect what thou hast said,  
The Promise to thy Servant made.

Confirms by Deed,  
What to his Seed  
Thy Word long since displaid.

Great God, O be thou magnifi'd !  
Whose Hands the strife of Warre decide :

Let Davids Race,  
Before thy Face,  
For ever fixt abide.

Thou saidst (who Israel dost protect)

I will

I will my Servants House erect.  
My Thoughts indu'd  
With Gratitude  
These Praires to thee direct.

Thou Lord, in Goodnes infinire;  
Whose Word and Truth like Twins unite;  
Thy Promise hath  
Confirm'd my Faith,  
And fill'd me with Delight.

Be then my House for ever blest;  
Of thy deare Presence still possesse.  
Thus hast thou said;  
This Promise made:  
O with thy Grace invest!

ESAY 5.

**N**OW I, to my Beloved, will  
A Song of my Beloved sing:  
He hath a Vineyard on a Hill,  
Which all the Yeare enioy'd the Spring.  
This he inclosed with a Mound,  
Pickt up the Stones which scatter'd lay:  
With generous Vines plants the rich Ground;  
Dig'd, prun'd, and weeded every day.  
To presse the Clusters made a Frame,  
Plac'd in a new-erected Tower:  
But when th' expected Vintage came,  
For good, the Grapes prov'd wilde and sowre.

You who on Iudah's Hills reside,  
 Who Citizens of Salem be;  
 Doe you the Controverse decide:  
 Betweene my Vineyard Iudge and me.  
 Though partiall, Iudge. Could I have more  
 To my ungratefull Vineyard done?  
 Yet such unpleasant Clusters bore,  
 Vnworthy of the soile or Sunne.  
 Then know; This Vineyard, late my Ioy,  
 Manured with such diligence,  
 Wild Bores, and Foxes shall destroy,  
 When I have trampled downe her Fence.  
 Then shall she unregarded ly,  
 Vndig'd, unprun'd, with Brambles spread:  
 No gentle Clouds shall on her dry  
 And thirsty Wombe their moisture shed.  
 That ancient House of Israel,  
 The great Iehovahs Vineyard is:  
 They who on Iudah's Mountaines dwell,  
 Those choice, and pleasant Plants of his:  
 From whom he Iustice did expect,  
 But Rapine, and Oppression found:  
 Thought they sweet Concord would affect,  
 When all with Strife, and Gries abound.

## E S A Y 26.

**O**Vr Sion strongly is secur'd,  
 Which God himselfe hath fortifi'd;  
 High Bulwarkes rais'd on every side,  
 And with immortall Walls immur'd:

Her



Her Gates at their approach display,  
Who Justice love, and Truth obey;

Who fix on him their confidence,  
He will in constant Peace preserve:  
O then with Faith Jehovah serve!  
Your strong and ever sure Defence:  
Who hurles the Mightry from their Thrones,  
And Cities turns to Heapes of stones.

Their Structures levels with the Floore,  
Which Sepulchres of Dust inclose;  
Trod underneath the Feet of those,  
That were of late Despis'd and Poore.  
Straight is the Way the Righteous tread;  
By Thee at once inform'd and led.

For we thy Judgments, Lord, expect,  
And onely on thy Grace rely:  
To thy great Name and Memory  
Th' Affections of our Soules erect.  
My Soule pursues thee in the Night,  
And when the Mornie displaies her Light,

Didst thou thy Judgments exercise,  
Then Mortals should the Truth discern:  
And yet the Wicked would not learne;  
But thy extended Grace despise,  
Among the lust to Injustice sold;  
Nor will thy Majesty behold.

Shouldst thou advance thine Arme on High,

Though wilfull-blind, yet should they view  
The Shame and Vengeance which pursue  
All those, who thy deare Saints envy;  
Those vindicating Flames, which burne  
Thy Foes, shall them to Cinders turne.

Thou our eternall peace hast wrought,  
And in our works, thy Wonders showne.  
Though other Lords, besides our owne,  
Had us to their subjection brought;  
Yet, through thy onely Goodnes, we  
Remembred both thy Name and Thee.

Dead are they, never more to rise  
From those darke Caves of endlesse Night;  
Nor ever shall the chearfull Light  
Revisit with their closed eyes,  
Thy Vengeance hath expel'd their Breath,  
And clos'd their Memories in Death.

Thou, Thou hast given vs wounds on wounds;  
In punishing thy Glory showne:  
Far from thy chearfull Presence throwne;  
Even to the Worlds extremest bounds:  
Amidst our stripes, and fighings, we  
Address our Zealous Praires to Thee.

As Women groaning with their Load,  
The time of their Delivery neere,  
Anticipating paine with feare,  
Screeke in their Pangs; So we to God:  
So suffer'd, when in thy Disgrace;

So cri'd out, when thou hid'st thy Face.

For we with Sorrow's burden fraught,  
Paine, and anxiety of Mind,  
Brought onely forth an empty Wind;  
Nor our desir'd Delivery wrought,  
We neither could repulse our Foes,  
Nor give a period to our Woes.

The Lord thus to his People spake ;  
Thy Dead shall live ; those who remaine  
In peacefull Graves, shall rise againe.  
O you who sleepe in Dust, awake ;  
Now sing ; on you my Plants I'll shed  
My Dew ; the Graves shall cast their Dead.

Goe, hide thee in thy inward Roomes  
A little, till my Wrath passe by :  
To punish Mans impiety,  
The Lord from Heaven in Thunder comes :  
The Earth then shall your Bloud reveale,  
Nor longer shall the Slain conceale.

## E S A Y 38.

**I**N the subtraction of my yeeres,  
I said with Teares ;  
Ah ! now I to the Shades below  
Must naked goe ;  
Cut off by Death, before my Time ;  
And like a Flower cropt in my Prime.

Lord in thy Temple I no more  
 Shall thee adore :  
 No longer with Mankind converse,  
 In my cold Herse.  
 My Age is past ere it be spent ;  
 Removed like a Shepherds Tent.

My fraile Life, like a Weavers thred,  
 My Sins have shred :  
 My vitall powers Diseases waste  
 With greedy haste:  
 Even from the Evening to the Day  
 I languish, and consume away.

And when the Morning Watch is past,  
 Thinke that my last.  
 Thou like a Lion break'st my bones,  
 Nor hear'st my groanes :  
 Even from the Dawning to the Night,  
 Death waites to close my failing Sight.

Thus Swallow-like, like to a Crane,  
 My Woes complaine :  
 Mourn like a Turtle-Dove, but late  
 Rob'd of his Mate.

I my dim eies to thee erect :  
 The Weake O strengthen, and protect!

What praise can reach thy Clemency,  
 O thou Most High !  
 Thy Words are ever crown'd with Deeds :  
 Joy Griefe succeds.

My

My bitter pangs at length are past;  
And long my peacefull daies shall last.

My lively Vigour dost restore,  
Increas't with more:

My Yeares prolong'd, now flourishing  
In their new Spring:

Thou hast with Ioy dry'd up my Teares,  
And with my Griefe call'd my Fears.

Thy Love hath drawne me from the Pit,  
Where Horrors sit:

My Soul-infecting Sins thou hast  
Behind thee cast.

The Grave cannot thy Praise relate;  
Nor Death thy Goodnes celebrate.

Can they expect thy Merrey, whom  
Cold Earth intombe?

The Living must thy Truth display;  
As I this Day.

This Fathers to their Sons shall tell,  
While Soules in humane Bodies dwell.

The Lord as ready was to save,  
As I to grave:

I therefore to the warbling string  
His Praise will sing:

And in his House, till my last Day,  
My gratefull Vowes devoutly pay.



## I O N A H 2.

**O**N thee my captiv'd Soule did call;  
 Thou, who art present every where,  
 From the darke Entrailes of the Whale,  
 Didst thy intomb'd Servant heare.  
 Thy Hand into the Surges threw;  
 The Seas black armes forthwith unfold;  
 Downe to the Horrid botome drew,  
 And all her Waves upon me rould.  
 Then said my Soule; For ever I  
 Am banisht from thy glorious sight:  
 And yet thy Temple with the Eie  
 Of Faith review'd, in that blind Night.  
 The Clouds my Soule involv'd below;  
 The swallowing Deeps besieg'd me round:  
 And Weeds, which in the botome grow,  
 My Head with funerall Dresses bound.  
 I to the roots of Mountaines div'd,  
 Whom bars of broken Rocks restraine:  
 Yet from that Tombe of death reviv'd,  
 And rais'd to see the Sun againe.  
 I, when my Soule began to faint,  
 My Vowes and Praises to thee prefer'd:  
 The Lord my passionate complaint,  
 Even from his holy Temple heard.  
 These who affect false vanities,  
 The Mercy of their God betray:  
 But I my Thankes will sacrifice,  
 And vowes to my Redeemer pay.

HABACVK

## HABACUK 3.

**G**reat God, with terror I have heard thy Doom;  
The fearfull punishments that are to come:  
Yet in the midst of those devouring Yeares,  
Then when thy Vengeance shall exceed our Feares,  
Thy Work in us revive; confirme our Faith,  
And still remember Mercie in thy Wrath.  
God came from Theman, and the Holy-one  
From Parans Mountaine, where his Glorie shone:  
Which fil'd the heav'ns themselves with brighter raies;  
And all the Earth replenisht with his Praise.  
His Brightnesse as the Sunnes: his Fingers Streames  
Of Light project; his Power hid in those Beames.  
Devouring Pestilence before him flew,  
And wasting Flames his dreadfull Steps pursue.  
Then fixt his Feet, and measur'd with his Eies  
The Earths extent: pale feares her Sonnes surprife.  
The ancient Mountains shrunk; eternall Hills  
Stoopt to their Bases; All Amasement fills.  
His Glory and his Terroure he displaies,  
In his unknown and everlasting Waies.  
I saw th' afflicted Tents of Cushan quake,  
And Midians Cortines in that Tempest shake.  
Whenthou, O Lord, the Rivers didst divide;  
And on the Chariots of Salvation ride,  
Through the congested Billowes of the Seas:  
Was it because thou wast displeas'd with these?  
According to thy Oath thou drew'st thy Sword;  
Thy Oath sworn to our Tribes; thy constant Word.  
From

From cloven Rocks new Torrents tooke their flight,  
And airy Mountains trembled at thy sight:  
The over-flowing Streames inforce their Waies;  
The Deeps to Thee their Hands and Voices raise:  
The Sun and Moon obedient to Command,  
Till then in restlesse Motion, made a Stand.  
Thy Darts and flaming Arrowes, swift as Sight,  
Confound thy Foes, but give thy People Light.  
He, in his Furie, marched through the Land;  
And crusht the Heathen with a vengefull Hand.  
Th' Anointed, with thy Sword, their Leaders slew;  
The Ioints disclos'd, where Heads of Princes grew.  
With thy transfixing Speare their Subjects strake:  
Who like a blacke and dreadfull Tempest brake  
Vpon our Front, with purpose to deuoure,  
And triumph over our despised Powre.  
He through the roaring Flouds his People guides:  
Through yielding Seas on fiery Horses rides.  
When I thy Threatnings heard, my entrails shooke;  
And my annerv'd knees each other strook.  
My lips with panting swell, my cheeks grow wan;  
Through all my bones a swift Consumption ran,  
O where may I repose in that sad Day,  
When armed Troups upon my Countrey prey!  
Although the Fig-tree shall no blossomes beare;  
Nor Vines with their pure bloud the pensive cheare:  
Although the Olive no requitall yield;  
Nor Corne apparell the deserted Field:  
Though then our Flocks be raviſht from the Fold,  
And though our Stalls no well-fed Oxen hold:  
Yet will not I despaire, but chearfully  
Expect, and in thy known Salvation joie.

For

For thou my Strength and my Protection art:  
My feet, more nimble then the flying Hart,  
Ascend the Hills; where I, with holy fire,  
Will sing thy praises to my Solenne Lyre.

LUKE I.

**M**Y ravisht soule extols his Name,  
Who rules the Worlds admired Frame:  
My Spirit, with exalted Voice,  
In God my Saviour shall rejoice:  
Who hath his glorious Beames displayd,  
Vpon a poore and humble Maid.  
Me all succeeding Ages shall  
The blessed Virgin-Mother call.  
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;  
His Sanctity past humane thought.  
His Mercy still reflects on these,  
Who in his Truth their Trust repose.  
He with his Arme hath Wonders shewn:  
The Proud in their owne pride are thrown;  
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects;  
The Lowly from the dust erects.  
The Hungry are his welcome Guests;  
The Rich excluded from his Feasts.  
He mindfull of his Promise, hath  
Maintain'd, and crown'd Israels faith:  
To Abraham promis'd, and decreed  
For ever to his holy Seed.

## LVKE I.

**O** Praise the Lord, his Wonders tell,  
 Whose Mercy shines in Israel;  
 At length redeem'd from sin and Hell.

The Crowne of our Salvation,  
 Deriv'd from Davids royall Throne,  
 Henow hath to his People showne.

This to his Prophets did unfold;  
 By all successively foretold,  
 Vntill the infant World grew old.

That he our wrongs would vindicate,  
 Save from our foes inveterate hate,  
 And raise our long deprest estate.

To ratifie his ancient Deed,  
 His promis'd Grace, by oath decreed,  
 To Abraham, and his faithfull Seed.

That we might our Preserver praise,  
 Walke purely in his perfect waies,  
 And fearelesse serve him all our daies.

His path thou shalt prepare, sweet Child,  
 And run before the Vndefil'd;  
 The Prophet of th' Almighty sild.

Our knowledge to informe, from whence

Sal:



Salvation springs : from penitence,  
And pardon of each foule offence.

Through mercy, O how infinite!  
Of our great God, who cleares our fight,  
And from the Orient sheds his Light.

A leading Starret' inlighten those,  
Whom Night, and shades of Death inclose;  
Which that high Tract to glory shoves.

LVKE 2.

**O** Thou who art inthron'd on high,  
In peace now let thy Servant die,  
Whose hope on thee relies:  
For thou, whose words and deeds are one,  
At length hast thy Salvation shewn  
To these my ravish'd Eies.

By thee, before thy Hands displaid  
The Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,  
Vnto the World decree'd:  
A Lampe to give the Gentiles Light;  
A Glory, O how infinite!  
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